The Creator appeared to them and said, "Spider Woman tells me that your thread on this world is running out. Remember the instructions I gave you." Coyote will close the door.

1992 ARTISTS-IN-RESIDENCE Minnesota: Patricia Canelake - painter William Pelt - dancer North Carolina: Linda Brown - writer Clara Couch & Pinky Bass - ceramicist photographer Roger Manley - photographer International: Norway Ailu Gaup - musician Sweden Asa Herrgard - installation Sweden Maria Lindberg - painter Thailand Chatchai Pulpia - Installation Bay Area: Ines Hernandez - writer Duane Big Eagle - writ-& Robin Lasser - installation Tim Collins - installation Cristina Emmanuel - painter & AFFILIATES Visual Artists John Alexander Andrew Black Holly Blake Katherine Bradner Fritzie Brown Ann Chamberlain Miriam Ferrari Roberta Fudim Nole Giulini Kahrl Yoram Levin Billie Lynn Mark McGowan & Jackie McGowan Judy Neilson Jann Todd Trigsted Landa Townsend Jeanne Tumpane Josefa Vaughan Performance

Artists

# Headlands Journal 1992

Headlands Center for the Arts is a laboratory for creativity, providing artists and scholars a place to experiment, collaborate and develop new work in a diverse community of thinkers. Headlands hosts over 25 residencies each year, providing artists in all disciplines from the Bay Area, the United States and around the world with time and space for open ended research. The Center presents readings, talks and performances that further pursue its mission to investigate the interdependence between human and natural systems across cultures and professional disciplines. Working in partnership with the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and the U.S. National Park Service, Headlands Center for the Arts is engaged in the gradual renovation of 11 historic former army buildings built at the turn of the century. The buildings are located on 13,000 acres of coastal open space in the Marin Headlands at the northern entrance to San Francisco Bay and are ideally situated to house reflective discourse in close proximity to one of the major metropolitan areas in the United States.

Headlands Center for the Arts

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This issue of the Headlands Journal is dedicated with affection and appreciation to Leonard Hunter, Mary Robinson and David Sibbet for the near decade's long work they have given to the Center.



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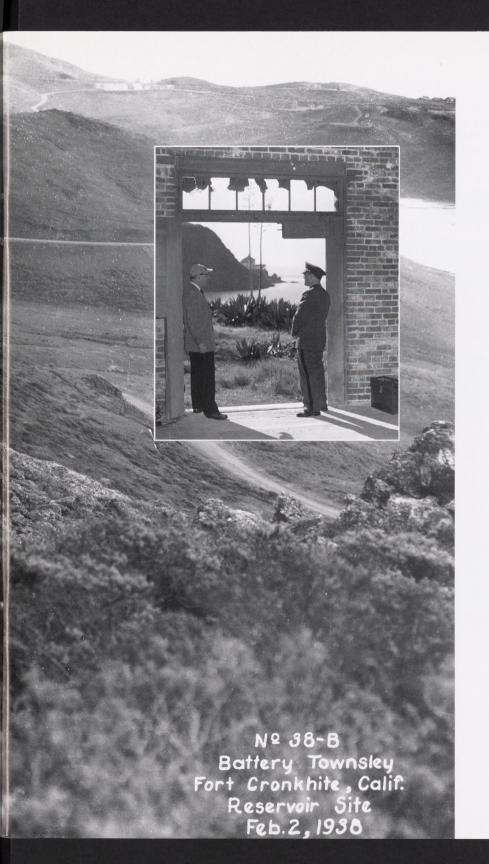
#### Introduction

1992 was a significant year for Headlands Center for the Arts. The public programming was compelling, dealing as it did with Native American perspectives on the state of our culture 500 years after the arrival of Europeans on these shores. With the help of Chris Peters, Director of the Seventh Generation Foundation, we assembled a wonderfully intelligent series of talks, most of which are transcribed and edited in this edition of the Journal.

Also, during 1992, the Center undertook its first long-range planning process since its inception ten years ago. With the assistance of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, we went through an extensive process of analysis and assessment of where we've been and where we want to go. The full range of our community was involved: board, staff, current and "alumni" artists, donors and colleagues. The conclusion was that while we "have done many things well in a relatively short period of time, our challenges now lie in nurturing what we have to make it richer and more diverse." To this end, the plan calls for the Center to develop a residency program for scholars, scientists and thinkers from a broad range of professional disciplines and cultural backgrounds. These creative professionals will work along with the artists in residence, rethinking the premises behind their work, creating unexpected alliances and developing new directions in their thinking. While artists will always comprise the majority of our residents, it is our hope that this new direction will further enrich the work of everyone within the Center by broadening the dialogue and exchange and opening up new possibilities for collaboration.

This year also marked a major transition for the Center as several of the early and founding board members concluded their board terms. Leonard Hunter, Mary Robinson and David Sibbet all spent the better part of the last 10 years building and shaping Headlands. It is with regret that we watch them return to their "civilian" lives but also, with a deep sense of appreciation





for all they have given to the Center - intellectually, financially and in terms of good solid hard work.

They are greatly missed. Our challenge is to maintain the high standards they set and carry out the vision they so keenly shaped.

Finally, I wanted to conclude by writing about one of the most interesting parts of our long-range planning process. In January 1992, we gathered 17 people from a variety of professional backgrounds to talk about the key issues they faced in their work over the next 3 to 5 years. Many were artists. But there were scientists, administrators and journalists as well. They outlined a universe of attitudes, conditions and dilemmas that have stayed with us all as we began to think about the Headlands in a larger context. One of the participants was Carl Pope, now Executive Director of the Sierra Club. Carl's words continue to echo in our ears: "We are in the midst of an economic, political and technical crisis. The dilemma of our times lies in old cultural patterns that are no longer adequate to deal with the current situation. Artists need to provide the moral imagination for the culture. The fulcrum for motivation in this culture has been the desire for material accumulation. Artists must help to change that fulcrum." It is this shifting in values that remains close to the surface of our thinking as we carry out the daily work of the Center.

Your continued participation and support is warmly appreciated as we all look forward to the coming investigations and conversations of our residents and speakers. Stay tuned and stay in touch!

Jennifer Dowley Executive Director



#### One Plus One Equals

What is it we're looking for?
What can we really possess?
What do we need in order to live well?
How will we survive on the earth?

In the world of voices talking, of sirens calling day and night, of trains screeching and rumbling, of frantic street corner consumption, pink neon need, and kids too weak to cry. In a world where plague threatens whole nations and fear of plague can shrivel love. In the world of asphyxiated camaraderie, in the roar of jets and false speeches. In the world of images floating like dreams, like leaves in wind, available to all at any time. How is it possible to speak of love with any hope of love enduring? How is it possible to know about children, what they fear, whether they want to be here at all? How is it possible not to starve yourself, not to resolve to live alone forever, when so much misery shows up in so many?

Now the simple act of washing the foot, the hind leg, of buying a new pot to cook in, has an unknown consequence, a pattern of importance. Where does the water come from? Out of whose mouth was it taken? Where was the pot made, how transported? At what cost to the world are these black pants that I pull on over my two legs? I slip on my shoes of vanished sky and my wrist watch of imprisoned time. I wrap myself in a coat of silenced bird song. The miracle of the loaves and fishes has run amuck, has run to impossible numbers and innumerable debt. We have wished the multiplication of everything and now, like deranged bees in a hive, we struggle to count it all. How much longer can we let the mathematics of greed be our equation of being?

# HEADLANDS TALKS

When we talk about the past 500 years in this hemisphere, we're talking about the conflict between two value systems. It is a conflict between industrial values and indigenous values. It is a conflict in which millions of people have paid a price, millions of people have died. Our people understand intimately the relationship between the way this society destroys land and the way this society destroys people. It is a history of this way of living. ... What is critical in this America is a recognition that a holocaust occurred. The absence of that recognition puts most progressive thinkers at an impasse, keeps them from moving to a different way of thinking. Winona LaDuke

#### **Headlands Talks**

Headlands Talks is an annual lecture series that pairs artists and professionals in other disciplines to address a wide variety of approaches to a chosen subject.

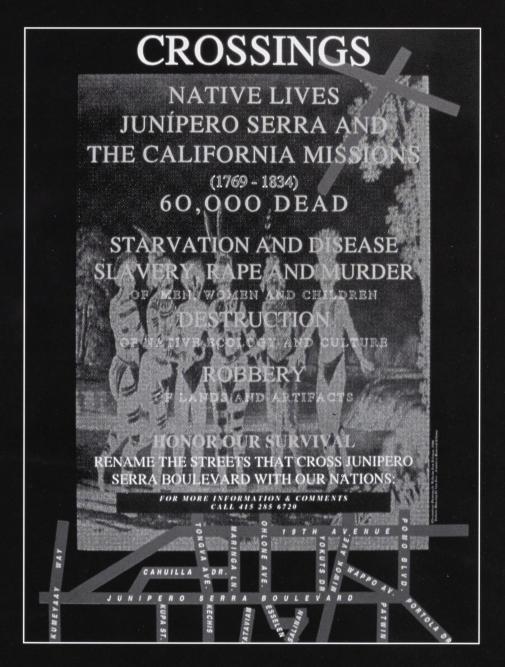
The focus of the Talks for 1992 was "Cultural Encounters".

It has been argued that 1492 marked the beginning of the modern era. European and American peoples' mutual ignorance of each other's cultures was forever lifted when a small group of lost Europeans went ashore on an island they supposed to be somewhere near Japan. The world shrunk. As Tzvetan Todorov has said, "We discovered the totality of which we are a part, whereas before we formed part of a world without a whole".

This 'discovery' brought 2 value systems and peoples into dramatic and violent conflict. It is now 500 years later and necessary to resolve the question of our histories, of the violence which unsettled this continent, of the acquisitiveness that continues to shape our views and values. It is a chance to assess history as a present circumstance which is played out in our daily actions and attitudes towards land, fuel consumption and our right to a lifestyle known as 'the American Way'. The discovery we must now embark upon is an examination of the past and reconfiguration of a future. This requires us to listen to each other not with nostalgic longing for another time, nor does it mean appropriation of others' values. It means sharing our knowledge and understanding – examining the impact of our actions for 7 generations into the future, as the Iroquois do: imagining a world beyond this modern era.

This series was of talks we called "Cultural Encounters" and was co-curated with Chris Peters (Yurok-Karuk), Director of the Seventh Generation Fund. Chris and I pooled our backgrounds and experiences as native and non-native, activist and artist, in formulating the questions and bringing together the speakers for the series. Throughout the year, activists, artists, scholars and environmentalists were paired to discuss issues across disciplines and cultures. The result was a dialogue among individuals approaching similar problems from very different perspectives, individuals who otherwise would not have encountered each other.

Ann Chamberlain Program Director



Crossings: Native Lives, Lewis DeSoto (Cahuilla). One of 6 posters from Native Voices Go Public created by Native American artists on kiosks on Market St., San Francisco, California, October 1992 through January 1993. Co-curated by American Indian Contemporary Arts and Headlands Center for the Arts.

#### THE DOING & UNDOING OF THE CONQUEST

Mary Louise Pratt & Winona LaDuke, August 30, 1992

This talk explores the impact of conquest and colonization on native people, focusing on senses of time, nature and communication. The speakers describe the resistance to these events and survival of them, as well as the differences between indigenous and invaders' cosmologies and what they mean for our future.

Mary Louise Pratt is a professor in the departments of Spanish and Portuguese and of Comparative Literature at Stanford University, as well as author of Imperial Eyes: Travel Writing and Transculturation. Winona LaDuke (Ojibway/Anishinabe) is a native activist, board member of Greenpeace, president of the Indigenous Women's Network and holder of a BA in Economic Development from Harvard and an MA in Rural Development from Antioch.

#### **Mary Louise Pratt**

When I reflect on 1992 and the quincentennial of the European invasion, one of the things that seems possible is what I refer to as "the decolonization of the imagination." The United States is, of course, a world imperial power and a colonialist in its own right, but at the same time the dominant culture in this country reflects what I call a "colonized imagination." The referent for culture and theories comes out of European realities and is predicated on European history, adapted to this context.

What's possible in the Americas now is a kind of cultural renewal, a renewal of self-understanding based on a critical engagement with the history of the Americas. In particular, I'm interested in the possibilities offered by theories of society and theories of culture that are grounded in the specific historical experience of the Americas. This, of course, involves rewriting history and recovering suppressed histories of the Americas: a literacy campaign. The first literacy cam-

paign in the Americas was conducted in the 1520s by twelve Franciscan friars in Mexico City. One of their efforts involved, essentially, kidnapping children of the indigenous nobility in Mexico. Here's a description, written in the period, of this literacy campaign: "At the time, approximately one thousand children were gathered together. And we kept them locked up, day and night, in our house. And they were forbidden any conversation with their fathers, and even less with their mothers, with only the exception of those who served them and brought them food. And the reason for this was so that they might neglect their excessive idolatries and their excessive sacrifices from which the devil had served countless souls."

Walter Mignolo, from whose wonderful essay *Literacy and Colonization* this description comes, comments: "In a primarily oral society in which virtually all knowledge is transmitted by means of conversation, the preservation of oral contact was contradictory with the efforts to teach reading and writing. Forbidding conversation with the mother meant, basically, depriving the children of the living culture embedded in the language, and preserved and transmitted by speech."

America, since the conquest, might be seen as what some people call a "dystopia of writing." By dystopia, I mean the opposite or negative version of utopia. After all, alphabetic writing, literacy, and European languages were the handmaidens of military force in the invasion and conquest and in the relentless efforts to destroy indigenous knowledge and institutions. Scholars who think about this have spoken of the "fetishization" of the written word. The Europeans brought with them a fetishized attitude toward the written word which meant they were wholly unable to view oral cultures, and even cultures with non-alphabetic writing systems, as having value equal to their own.

If you were presenting pictures of dystopian scenarios of literacy in the Americas, you might include the absurd ritual of reading the "requerimiento." A Spanish conquistador was required to read a document called the "requerimiento" when taking possession of land. So, this charade was repeated countless times: the European invader standing, reading, in a language that no one understood, to an audience that might or might not be present, a document asserting European superiority and the validity of using force against those who refuse to accept European authority.

Scene two of the dystopia might be the letters of the alphabet branded on the faces of slaves to indicate their possession. As one observer from the period noted, a person who had been transferred from one owner to another multiple times began to look like a walking alphabet, a walking sentence.

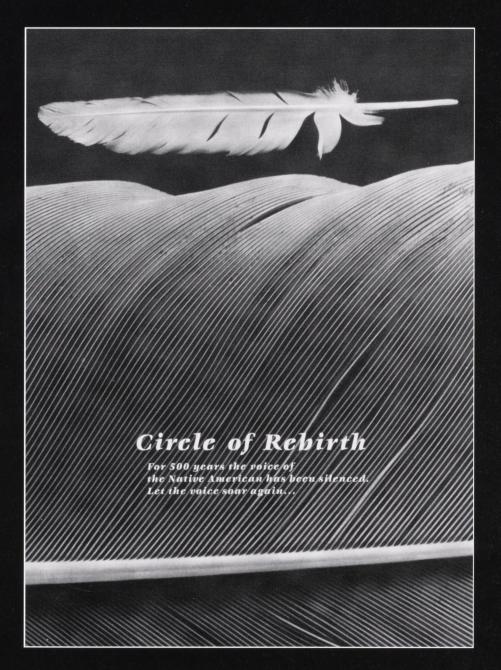
Scene three might be Diego de Landa's burning of the Mayan archives in Yucatan in 1562 as works of the devil. De Landa went on to write, in Spanish, his own account of the history of the Maya, and he included in his account whole chapters about the books he had just destroyed. Or, you might invoke the famous scene in Peru of the first encounter between Pizarro and Atahuallpa, where Atahuallpa throws down the Bible because it won't speak to him. The Europeans used that gesture as the pretext to initiate a massacre.

The specifics of this dramatic invasion of oral pictographic America by alphabetic scriptist Europe could easily be used to construct a history of the Americas as the "dystopia" of writing, as home to the abuse of literacy, as a site of a world-changing refusal to honor oral culture. This is not the only story we ought to be telling, but it is one story I think we need to recover, a history we need to tell ourselves in order to con-

struct what could be called an "ecology of language" or an "ecology of writing." Other strands in this history of writing in the wake of European invasion include stories of the appropriation of European languages and European forms of writing as instruments of resistance—instruments of survival or of creating continuity in the face of the rupture of invasion. This is a tradition, again, that we need to recover. It's a tradition of experimentation and of what is called "transculturation." Transculturation is a name for the dynamics inherent in using and redeploying the language and vocabulary of a dominant culture to different ends. It is a tradition that is very much continuous with our reality today.

In 1908, in the Danish Royal Archives in Copenhagen, a Peruvianist named Richard Pietschmann came across a letter dated in the city of Cuzco, Peru, in the year 1613. The letter was signed with an Andean indigenous name—Guaman Poma de Ayala. The text was written in a mixture of Quechua and Spanish. The Spanish was kind of ungrammatical but very expressive. The manuscript was a letter addressed by this Andean, a man no one knew anything about, to the King of Spain. What stunned Pietschmann was that this letter was 1200 pages long. It has 800 pages of written text and 400 line drawings. Its title is The New Chronicle and Good Government and Justice. Nobody knew how this manuscript got to Copenhagen or how long it had been there. There was no record of anybody having read or looked at it before. In 1908, Quecha was not thought to be a written language at all, and Andean culture wasn't thought of as a literate culture.

The author of this letter learned to write because he had a half-brother who was a mestizo, that is, his half-brother had a Spanish father, as was very common at the time. By virtue of having a Spanish father, his brother learned to write and then



Circle of Rebirth, Larry McNeil (Tlingit Nisga'a). One of 6 posters from Native Voices Go Public created by Native American artists on kiosks on Market St., San Francisco, California, October 1992 through January 1993. Co-curated by American Indian Contemporary Arts and Headlands Center for the Arts.

taught him. Guaman Poma's letter to the King has two parts. The first is called *The New Chronicle*. The title is very important because the "chronicle" was the main writing form that the Spanish used to represent their American conquests to themselves. The chronicle was the genre they used for official discourse. So when Guaman Poma wrote a "new chronicle," he took over that genre to his own ends. And his ends, roughly, were to construct a new picture of the world—a picture of a Christian world with an Andean center rather than a European center, with Cuzco at the center rather than Jerusalem at the center.

Guaman Poma ended his whole history of the Incas with a revisionistic account of the Spanish conquest, that is, with his own account constructed precisely to contest or to respond to the Spaniards' accounts. He argued, and he had a strong position on this, that the encounter between Spain and the Inca empire should have been a peaceful encounter of equals, with the potential for benefiting both. He wrote that it was only the mindless greed of the Spanish for gold that turned the encounter into a campaign of destruction. This part of the text is really quite wonderful to read because he does a lot of parody of the Spanish and of Spanish history.

The second half of this huge letter formulates Guaman Poma's specific criticisms of the Spanish empire and the Spanish colonial policy. It's titled *Good Government and Justice*. It combines a very detailed description of colonial society with a passionate denunciation of Spanish exploitation and abuse. At the time he wrote, the indigenous population was being decimated in the Andes at a rate that was really genocidal. In fact, one of the reasons that the Spanish, in the end, reformed the system was that they were afraid the entire labor force was going to disappear. Guaman Poma's letter ends with an

extraordinary imaginary interview between himself and the King. It is an incredibly intrepid reversal of hierarchy, especially if you think about it in terms of the use of language. The Andean scribe imagined himself informing the King of Spain how to run his empire! He single-handedly, in effect, gave himself authority—political, cultural and linguistic authority—in the colonizer's own language and verbal repertoire.

In a way, his action worked because this incredible text got written. And, in a way, of course, it didn't work at all because the King never got the letter. There was no context for the reception of Guaman Poma's written text; he was trying to break through so many layers of hierarchy. The history of the Andes is a history of one rebellion after another in the attempt to control the depredations of the colonial system.

It is interesting to think about the status of these writing traditions. This text was lost, that is, it never reached its destination. The texts I've mentioned are texts that were not known at all to Europeans at the time they were written; they did not appear to have succeeded in the communication they attempted until much, much later. The optimistic part is that "much, much later" is now, and texts like Guaman Poma's are now finding readers and a reception that was not possible when they were written. There is more space now for transcultural and resistant expression. Whether that translates into what Guaman Poma wanted, good government and justice, is the question that remains to be answered.

#### Winona La Duke

I'd like to talk about values that are present in our culture. When we talk about the invasion, about the quincentennial, about 500 years of colonialism, there is no understanding of

where we should go in the next 500 years; there is no understanding of another way of thinking that is not a colonial way of thinking. Indigenous values offer another way. I want to talk about our values not only because most people don't know about them, but also because indigenous people are the only people who have an example of how to live sustainably on this continent. We are the only people who have lived here for thousands of years in a sustainable manner. It is my perception that, for our survival collectively, it is absolutely essential to understand how sustainability has worked before and how it works now in native communities.

The first thing I want to say about living sustainably and about indigenous values is that natural law is preeminent. This is our perception. Natural law is, in fact, the preeminent law in the world, and laws made by nations, laws made by states, laws made by municipalities, are all secondary to natural law. This is the way one lives sustainably. We have a way of living that is based on a concept, in our language, mino-bimadiziwin. This is how we live in our community with natural law. Minobimadiziwin means "the good life." The ultimate translation is "continuous rebirth." In practice this means many things, but a couple of concepts are indicative. The first has to do with natural law and all things being cyclical. All things that are natural are cyclical — the seasons, the moons, lives, our bodies are all cyclical. This is what natural law is about. In my community, and I believe in most other indigenous communities, we have an understanding of time as cyclical. Our understanding of what is natural is that it is cyclical.

The second concept has more to do with *mino-bimadiziwin* and living sustainably. It is also related to time and to our perception of time as cyclical. Not only do we have a concept of seven generations, but we also have a concept that what you

do now you will be accountable for later. This is implicit in cyclical thinking about time. Another major anchoring point in our sustainable society is the concept of reciprocity. "Reciprocity" is, of course, kind of an anthropological term. But on my reservation, when I harvest wild rice, mahnomen, or when I harvest plants for medicine, or when I harvest berries, I always offer asema, which is tobacco. You always give an offering when you harvest. The reason you do is, first of all, all these things, in our language, are animate. Mahnomen and asin, a stone, are animate. Mandaanin, corn is animate. Almost all things in our language are animate. That is our understanding of things. So, because they have standing on their own, they have spirit, they are alive. Because of this, you must reckon with them. In order to harvest them, you must give to them something, to thank them for giving to you. You must also do this for the larger order, because what we understand is that we are totally reliant on the natural world, or natural law, for our own sustenance. Because of this, you almost always give if you are to receive. It is a reciprocal relationship, you cannot take without giving. And you can only take what you need; you must leave the rest.

I wanted to talk about our values because I want to contrast them with industrial thinking and colonial thinking. The concepts for our indigenous value system are in stark contrast to the values that permeate the society in this country. To start with, consider the concept of time. I went all the way through school in this country, and time was taught as a timeline. It is a timeline that begins, for the most part, in 1492 and continues from there on. It is a timeline that includes certain dates, appointed by somebody who is not you or me, and it goes through the years. Implicit in this timeline is a whole set of values, values like progress. And "progress" is defined by

things like technological advancement and economic growth. It's implied that progress is something you want to attain. This is considerably different, I would suggest, than *minobimadiziwin*. Also implied in this linear thinking about progress is the idea of man's conquest over nature, the idea of the wild being tamed, the primitive becoming civilized. There is an assumption that some people are primitive and others are civilized.

I want to talk about a second concept in industrial values, the concept of capitalism. I want to talk about it because capitalism is intimately tied to colonialism; it is intimately tied to imperialism; it is intimately tied to the history of the conflict between indigenous peoples and peoples from the great British empire and the great French empire and other empires. As I understand it, and I took economics in school, the concept of capitalism is that you take labor, capital, and resources and you put them together for the purpose of accumulation. The idea is that the less labor, capital, and resources you use to accumulate more, the better capitalist you are. I want to point out that, in its essence, the idea of capitalism is that you strive for more than you need. Therefore, capitalism is built on greed, on the idea of taking more than you need and not leaving the rest. Indigenous people, therefore, make the argument, and I will also make the argument, that capitalism is inherently out of order with natural law because it requires taking more than is needed and not leaving the rest. It is incapable of being reciprocal, of acting in accordance with natural law, with nature.

When we talk about the past 500 years in this hemisphere, we're talking about the conflict between two value systems. It is a conflict between industrial values and indigenous values. It is a conflict in which millions of people have paid a price,

millions of people have died. Our people understand intimately the relationship between the way this society destroys land and the way this society destroys people. It is a history of this way of living. It is a history of holocaust. The holocaust that occurred in the Americas is unparalleled on a world scale. What is critical in this America is a recognition that a holocaust occurred. The absence of that recognition puts most progressive thinkers at an impasse, keeps them from moving to a different way of thinking.

The concept of a "frontier" continues to justify the expropriation of lands and resources. Today, on a worldwide scale, 50 million indigenous people live in the world's rain forests. These are not uninhabited places; people live there. One million indigenous people are slated to be relocated for dam projects, primarily in the western hemisphere. The conditions in the U.S. and North America are very similar to international conditions. Reservations remain as islands inside the continent, yet their resources are now demanded by technology and progress. Having demanded agricultural crop land, having demanded gold, having demanded water resources, industrialism now demands what remains—uranium and coal. Twothirds of the uranium in this country and one-third of all western low-sulfur coal is on Indian land. There are great water resources on Indian reservations. Places like the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, a centerpiece of the Bush energy plan, is inhabited by the Gwetchin people—it's not an uninhabited place. The single largest hydroelectric project in North America is on Cree and Inuit lands in James Bay. This is always the myth, that nobody lives there so it's okay to go in with things like hydroelectric projects. What you have is, essentially, an American industrial policy that remains based on expropriation of somebody else's resources, particularly, in our case, the indigenous resources of North America. The idea that colonialism is over is a myth. The reality is that America remains a colonial country.

The challenge for progressive people in this country, the challenge for all of us, I believe, is to undo colonialism. It is to unthink and begin to change the policies—colonial policies—toward indigenous people, because these are policies that are indicative of society's unsustainability. The constant consumption of other people's resources is not only unethical, it is unsustainable. The challenge, I believe, is to begin to live sustainably and to come into order with natural law. This is a huge challenge to a society that consumes a third of the world's resources. But Americans have a remarkable set of abilities, and I am sure that we can figure it out and move toward living more sustainably. If America could begin to do it, the rest of the world would be in much better shape.

#### WHERE HOLINESS RESIDES

Malcolm Margolin, Frank LaPena, Henri Mann & Juan Cabrera, April 11, 1992

In native belief, the earth and everything on it are alive and sentient. For those who have lived on the same land for thousands of years, sacredness often resides in springs, mountains, and rocks. Those from western traditions are heir to another kind of belief. Uprooted from place, their religions emphasize dogma, the word, faith and a holiness that is less of this world than another. How are these spiritual traditions manifested in the sense of place? Is Mount Shasta different than Bethlehem or Mount Ararat?

Malcolm Margolin is the author of numerous books, including The Oblone Way, publisher of Heyday Books, a small press in Oakland, and editor of the magazine News from Native California. Frank LaPena (Wintu Nomtipom) is an artist, ethnographic consultant, and a traditional singer and dancer of the Wintu Nomtipom tribe. Dr. Henri Mann (Cheyenne) is director of the Religious Freedom Coalition Project of the Association of American Indian Affairs. She holds a Ph.D. in American Studies from the University of New Mexico. Reverend Juan Cabrero grew up in Puerto Rico in a small town, studied to be a Jesuit priest, left the Church and has since come back to preside at the St. Aidens Episcopal Church in Bolinas. He is also a Doctoral Candidate at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. He is doing his doctoral work on ritual and spatial arrangement why people sit in pews in church for example, and how people are arranged in these kinds of rituals.

#### Malcolm Margolin

I went down to speak to the San Joaquin Chapter of the Sierra Club, and I invited up various Indian people from the Tule River



Bole Dance Spirit 3, mixed media, Frank LaPena (Wintu Nomtipom) 1988.

Reservation, the Mono Indian Community, the Chukchanse Community, and from the Miwok community around there to talk to the Sierra Club and to deal with some of the issues where environmentalists and Indians do not neccessarily agree on things. It turned out to be an absolutely fascinating discussion of differing perspectives and differing ideas. One of the things discussed is a place called Coso Springs. Various people there are really eager to build a geothermal development to tap that spring for its heat and its electrical generation, and since that part of the world is tremendously polluted, having this kind of cheap electricity that is relatively free of pollution is seen as a tremendous benefit to the valley and the people there. You don't have to dam rivers, you don't have to build nuclear plants, you don't have to do all kinds of dreadful things. The difficulty is: in that spring, according to the Indian people that live around it — in that spring dwells a particular god, one of the gods that created the world. Frog, one of the gods, dwells in that spring and dwells only in that spring, and if you cap that spring, what is going to happen to that god? And I thought it was a wonderful question, a wonderful conflict of interest among people, because I certainly recognize the rights of people, the need of people to have a source of electricity that doesn't dam rivers and pollute, and yet on the other hand, here you have a group's religious belief entirely at stake.

As I began to talk to people, I realized that there is a very fundamental misunderstanding that a lot of environmentalists and a lot of people have about the nature of Indian religion and belief. The religions that we are used to — Jewish religions, Christian religions, a lot of the Asian religions — are religions that have long since been uprooted from a sense of place. And they've been in many ways rendered portable. The Jewish religion is going to exist even if Jerusalum doesn't exist,

Christianity is going to exist even if Bethlehem doesn't exist, because the religion has been packed in various ways so it can be taken away from its places of origin. It's packed into text, it's packed into dogma, it's packed into ritual, it's packed into particular forms of belief so that it can be carried around and preserved and something can be passed on from generation to generation. For Europe, this matter of belief and dogma has been incredibly important. There have been religious wars in which hundreds of thousands of people have died over relatively obscure questions of dogma. For many of the native people that live here, even though there certainly is dogma, there certainly is belief, it doesn't have the same sense of importance. Nobody is going to kill anybody because the people over here feel that Coyote created the world and the people over there feel that Silver Fox created the world. I mean people are entitled to their own belief. I began to realize for them the religion, the religious experience was rooted in that particular place, in the power and the beauty of that particular place and if you destroy the place, you destroy the religion. It's a bit like ripping pages out of a Bible—like taking the Bible, ripping the Book of Genesis and half of Deuteronomy out and handing it back to people and saying, "now worship."

#### Frank La Pena

Last year or maybe a year and a half ago, they brought out a book called *The Sacred Mountains of the World*. I turned it open because I felt that Mount Shasta should be in there, and indeed it was in there, and what it said is that at one time this mountain was sacred to the Indian people, but all the Indian people had been killed so there is nobody around who relates to this mountain, there's nobody around who knows anything about the mountain. Once I heard that, I knew that this person perhaps could have made other mistakes and that devalued the book for me, especially when for the last four years

and longer, we have been fighting intensely to protect the sacred places on that mountain as Wintu people. There are also the Shasta and (Modoc, Achumawi, Atsugewi) Karuk Shasta, all these people who relate to the mountain, who are all alive.

#### Dr. Henri Mann

I for one would certainly love to see my grandchildren, my great grandchildren, whenever they too come to walk on this earth, inherit it in the way that we inherited it, the way that our grandparents and our ancestors inherited it, with its clean air, with its clear streams, a good stable, solid earth. And I would want them as they come to live on this land to journey through life, to enjoy the kinds of freedoms that the American Indian population, as the indigenous people of this country, gave to those that fled from the world of Europe, 500 years ago, less than 500 years ago, to avoid the kinds of oppression that existed at that time particularly in relation to religions. It's totally ironic and a travesty today that we as American Indians are having to fight for the basic protection of the Bill of Rights of the First Amendment to the Constitution, that Mr. La Pena mentioned that when it comes to protection of sacred sites such as Mount Shasta, such as the Pipestone Quarry in Minnesota, such as Mount Graham in Arizona, such as the Medicine Wheel in Wyoming, the list goes on and on, simply because the United States Supreme Court has ruled that American Indians do not have the protection of the First Amendment when it comes to their sacred sites. I don't like my job, I don't like what I'm doing, I don't like to be sitting here giving you the kinds of words that I'm giving you but it is very necessary. Because if those sites are destroyed, our spiritual ways are destroyed, or our religions are destroyed, and if indeed spirituality provides our core as a people and gives us our identity, then we will simply cease to exist as a people.

#### Juan Cabrero

I want to disabuse us of some caricatures of Christianity that have become fashionable recently, so we can talk. What most people talk about as Christianity, to my ears, is fundamentalism. And fundamentalism, in the eyes of this leader of the church, is not authentic Christianity. So we would have to first of all look at which Christianity we are talking about, in what period, in which culture before we start bashing it.

It is true, as Malcolm opened with, that Christianity and, I think Judaism to some degree, are religions that are based on the non-local aspect of the religion. The fact is that the religion was born at the time when a sacred center was being destroyed. The destruction of their Jerusalem temple, in the year 70 was of enormous interest to Christianity because we went—ah ha— God didn't want you to survive, he wanted us to survive, but we also realized that where we were could not depend on a spot or a place. And we disassociated with Judaism around the same time. We were a Jewish sect originally. Why Christianity developed a kind of jaundiced view about the locality of the sacred has to do with political power. When you declare a place sacred, the people who have access to that place are more sacred: if the sacred spring is sacred, who can ladle water out of it and who can't and who gets to define that? In the Jerusalem temple, access to the temple was severely programmatic. There were a series of taboos that restricted access to the sacred place and this is very common in religions throughout the world, wherever there is a particular spot or a system built around the spot. In first century Jerusalem, 95% of the people could not approach the temple because they were in some way unclean. Unclean did not mean that they were guilty, it just meant that they were incapable of approaching.

Christians very quickly, by the beginning of the seventies, began to write things like, 'God does not dwell in buildings made by human hands but in the hearts of God's people', and they begin to call themselves the Living Stones. If they had stayed there, it would have been wonderful. Christians would have been this kind of counter-cultural band of religious ecstatics that met in homes. That is the way we used to do it. And when we were sure that you were really one of us, we told you our ritual secrets and plunged you in water and fed you bread and wine for the first time and taught you to pray the Our Father for the first time ever. So the access became access to the tradition, not access to the place. However in the year 313, we became an allowed Roman religion along with the others, and in the year 380 we became the only allowed Roman religion and from that point on it was a totally different game. Because we became the warranters of Roman political power. These smart politicians, the emperors, as the world was crumbling, realized that they had a new system of the sacred and co-opted it.

And from that point on sacred place becomes fashionable again in Christianity. You start seeing the building of Christian buildings for the first time in Christian history, as institutional buildings. There is a coalescing of sacred site and imperial power in the fourth century that creates the architecture of sacred power, if you will, for the first time. From that point on we embark on a history of Christianity that's very closely allied to political and economic power. From 380 to the 18th century the whole history of Christianity has to be studied with this question of who wrote this, who was in power, and why did they write it, and for whom?

I just got the news today that the Vatican has invested in the creation of a telescope on Mount Graham in Arizona [a sacred

site for the San Carlos Apache), on which the Vatican wanted to create a \$60 million super telescope observatory, despite extensive opposition. As a result of their investment in the telescope, they have now declared there are no sacred sites. Now you can make the point theologically, based on the history of Christianity, that there are no sacred sites. But the issue here is not whether there are sacred sites, the issue is justice. Because it's sacred, it's the identity of a people. I mean we're not interested in the identity of a molecular structure of the mountain as sacred, we're not interested in the mountain as sacred in it of itself. It's because it's sacred for a people that it's sacred. So the moral rights of a people who claim that mountain as their center is really what we are talking about, we are not talking about how many tons of dirt make the mountain in an empirical way. So it's true that ultimately nothing in itself is sacred for us.

# SEEING US AS YOU WOULD LIKE US TO BE: TOURISM & ENCOUNTERS WITH OTHERS

Hartman Lomawaima, Dean MacCannell & Janeen Antoine, March 7, 1992

For survival, many indigenous artists are forced to manufacture works for the tastes of an ever-increasing tourist trade. What is the relation of these works to works produced in a tribal context? How has the modern market of museums, collectors, and tourists affected the ways indigenous people represent themselves? Given the tendency of modern and post-modern culture to consume and appropriate other cultures in the name of the authentic and the exotic, how do indigenous cultures preserve their integrity?

Hartman Lomawaima (Hopi) has worked professionally in the museum field since 1980. He currently teaches at the University of Washington and works as a consultant for the National Museum of the American Indian. Dean MacCannell is a sociologist who teaches in the Department of Behavioral Sciences at UC Davis. His is author of The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class and Empty Meeting Ground: The Tourist Papers. Janeen Antoine (Lakota) is director of American Indian Contemporary Art, a nonprofit gallery in downtown San Francisco.

#### Hartman Lomawaima

Sally Price, commenting on Western connoisseurship of the primitive, concludes that Westerners have assumed responsibility for the definition, conservation, interpretation, marketing and future existence of the world's arts.\*

Toward the end of the last century, James Stevenson, Matilda Cox Stevenson and Frank Hamilton Cushing, representing the Smithsonian Institute, made three expeditions to the American Southwest. Their specific target area was the Pueblo of Zuni in northern New Mexico. Over the course of three field seasons, 1879, 1881 and 1884-5, they relieved the Zunis of about ten thousand objects, half of which were pottery. The justification simply stated was to illustrate the domestic life and art of the peoples visited. These ten thousand objects were placed on wagons and eventually on the railway to Washington, D.C. for storage. Consequently, for a long period of time, Zunis were without sufficient models on which to base or to continue traditional pottery work. It is likely that what pottery did exist was ritual equipment that was stored in specific, safe places until needed. Reproducing these forms for commercial purposes was and continues to be forbidden. The twentieth century has seen a gradual revival in Zuni pottery. Potters and their students have studied the research collections of museums from New York to Santa Fe. The benefits of this effort are manifold. Historic forms and patterns have enriched the repertoire of contemporary potters. Today, one can again marvel at the range and scope of pottery created by the Zuni people.

An ongoing problem with which historic and contemporary native artisans contend is the trivialization of their art and the creative expressions of their cultures. One need not travel far from home to find so-called "Indian" symbols affixed to objects from fashionwear to dinnerware. For example, in the Bay Area, it is not unusual to visit shops and find a coffee mug or vest with a facsimile of a Navajo "Yei" figure. While many symbols and art forms may appeal to the larger Western audience, appropriating these forms can exact social costs from smaller-scale societies.

Recently a comic book publisher depicted Hopi Kachinas as evil-doers in a superhero installment. it is very difficult for me to elaborate on the comic's storyline. My feelings are multiplied when considering all the Hopi people who learned of this unfortunate development. It is a feeling of hurt and disdain. This gross misappropriation of figures and symbols so central to our lives has resulted, in part, in a setback of Hopi-Western relations. Art, as communication, is a powerful tool for bridging understanding between human beings. The experience with the comic book is not unique, but it serves as a useful example of how abusing artistic communication can backfire.

\*Sally Price, *Primitive Art in Civilized Places* (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1984).

#### Dean MacCannell

What I've been interested in for a long time is the enormous power of tourism and the institutions associated with tourism to shape and reshape culture according to its requirements, that is, the values requirements of international capitalism and the western institutions associated with it. I see tourism almost as a new form, as quasi-military deployment. It's an intense movement of armies of peoples to the most remote regions of the world and a set-up on the remote periphery for these tourists of all sorts of institutions required to support themrestaurants, hotels, etc. What is much more interesting to me has to do with the transformation of local peoples and cultures for purposes of consumption by tourism. In other words, it isn't just the hotels and the restaurants and the transportation apparatus and the other support that's required, but also the marketing of festivals and rituals for tourists and handicrafts and the fact that it is exotic peoples that are primary



attractions in global tourism. And that does bring us to questions of what happens to art and what happens to their forms of cultural expression as a result of their being transformed for touristic purposes.

I think that if we're going to talk intelligently about questions having to do with cultural hegemony and appropriation of cultures, art becomes a crucial matter in that discussion, because art is socially and culturally a people's way, a community's way, of understanding itself or working through its own problems. Without art we really don't have a way of dealing with our collective problems. And I don't mean problem in a negative sense, I mean problem in the most open sense of thinking about sadness as well as joy, the past and the future. When this most complicated method of getting at collective self-understanding starts to be appropriated and simplified, one of the things that happens is that it gets controlled by the tastes of other people. The things that start to intrigue me in this area have to do with the control of the definition of one's cultural identity by others.

I am now talking about a people who are in an economic situation where they have to make their life and their artifacts imitate their own cultural traditions as a matter of economic neccessity. This is a funny kind of thing, they just keep repeating their own cultural traditions now as matter of economic necessity, not as a matter of it being something that they want to do honoring their ancestors. It may look exactly the same, it may seem exactly the same, but there is a whole different motive behind it. This kind of compulsion to repeat can be or take the form of a kind of cultural death which is imposed from without. It isn't like we hate them, we love them and

Indian Photographing Tourist Photographing Indian #5.

we'll kill them in that way.

One of the things that concerns me constantly is the guilty way that modern peoples look at so-called traditional peoples. And I just want to call into question briefly and hopefully for purposes of discussion, the idea that tradition is somehow frozen—an idea which is perpetuated. Creativity within the framework of tradition happened once in the past, but it's not supposed to happen again, you're not supposed to be creative anymore, you're just supposed to repeat in tradition. That's the way modern peoples look at traditional people. That's got to be wrong. In other words that's a fundamental error in conception, because ethnologically, ethnographically, we know that people who we would call traditional peoples invented language, invented dance, invented music, invented all of our artforms, invented kinship systems of enormous complexity in mathematical beauty, invented mathematics, invented god and gods. Okay, now how can we reconcile this incredibly creative production with the concept of tradition as anti-creative or as just repetitious formalization.

My friend Bonetta Jules Rosette, who's a professor of sociology at UC San Diego, does field work in Kenya and the Ivory Coast, and her studies are of artists and artists' collectives that do work for tourists and for tourism. She has an artist in her group that she studies, a man by the name of Anu Akaow, and he's actually becoming fairly famous for reasons that you'll discover soon enough. He's a gifted carver, but at the time, he carved little gazelles and giraffes, the sort of things that you can buy in the Nature Company or something, for tourists. And when Bonetta arrived in his village, she brought with her a computer and he was fascinated by her computer, he'd never seen such a device before. So he asked her permission—could he carve her computer?—and he sat and carved

the computer. It was beautiful, I've seen pictures of it, and as soon he finished it he said to Bonetta, this isn't the latest version of computers right, I mean there's more modern still, and she said—Yes, now they have things called laptop computers, and he said—When you come back, if you can't bring me one of those, bring me pictures of one of those. So she brought him a bunch of brochures for the new laptops, and he carved a laptop computer with a hinge that opened up and everything and all the keys. You can see that he's appropriating our tradition in this interesting way. So, he continued to carve his gazelles and that sort of thing for tourists and to make his living, but he had also heard that there was this wonderful western clothing he thought it would be fantastic to have, so he carved himself a closet full of western clothing, hanging on hangers out of beautiful polished wood. The thing that is interesting to me about this (and is hopefully illustrative of my desire to break open the concept of tradition) is that these little gazelles that he's carving for tourists are what we would classify as traditional. They're traditional in quotes, that's why we want to buy them, they're "traditional African art objects." But the suit of clothing hanging in Anu Akaow's closet, which came directly from his concern of the moment, his problematic relationship with the rest of the world, it came from out of his community, that's the real stuff, the stuff that we should be looking at as the traditional stuff— see what I mean? Not those little gazelles, that stuff they're doing for tourists, they aren't traditional anymore.

#### Janeen Antoine

My name is Janeen Antoine and I'm a Lakota from South Dakota, from Rosebud Reservation, and I've been in the Bay Area for eighteen years.

Traditional art forms have been around for as long as Indian

people have. I think the distinction is, many cultures don't separate art as a form—it's something that has been incorporated into daily life and it's something that has function and meaning both within utilitarian objects and ceremonial objects. The definition of Indian art is something that has always been a controversy. I think it's because of the different values with which the tourists see Indian art. Indian people themselves also are stuck in this idea of what traditional art is. We'll have someone come into the gallery [American Indian Contemporary Art] and they'll look at something and say, "You know, this isn't Indian art, I know what Indian art is." So it's an educational process not only for non-Indians but for native people as well to realize that life is a continuum and we continue to grow and change and evolve, not only as a culture, but individually.

The other definitions are, in addition to tourists and Indians defining what art is, is the government definition: the Indian Arts and Crafts Act, which was signed into effect in November of 1990. The day after it was signed by Bush, a number of museums in Oklahoma shut down, because they were afraid of the consequences of having artwork in their museums which was produced by artists who weren't enrolled members of federally recognized tribes. Basically that act defines who an Indian artist is, or who can say they're an Indian artist, and it sent a lot of shock waves throughout the Indian artist community. There are a lot of artists who were in favor of it because they feel there are a lot of non-Indian artists capitalizing on the Indian art movement. Santa Fe has the third largest commercial art movement in the country, behind only New York and L.A. In terms of the commercial aspect, there's a genuine concern for artists, but you know the road to hell is paved with good intentions.

It's caused a lot of problems. There are many native artists who are not enrolled, especially in California. I know it poses a problem with a number of Hopi people as well, who for traditional reasons aren't enrolled in their tribe. A lot of people in Oklahoma aren't enrolled either. The Act, in addition to defining who an Indian artist is, also is a good deterrent for saying you're an Indian artist. They put this in: an individual can be fined not more than \$250,000 or imprisoned not more than five years or both, and a person other than an individual can be fined not more than \$1,000,000 and, in the case of subsequent violations, an individual can be fined not more than \$1,000,000 or imprisoned not more than fifteen years or both. So, it's understandable why the museums in Oklahoma shut down the day after the law was signed into effect. A lot of people were concerned about the consequences of the Act. There have been a couple of galleries in Santa Fe where the F.B.I. was called in, and they shut the exhibits down.

Last summer we had an exhibit scheduled, a one-man show with Jimmy Durham, who is of Cherokee descent [but not registered], and we decided to cancel the show because we didn't know what the consequences would be if we continued the show, in terms of having the F.B.I. called in. We didn't have the wherewithal to be able to wage a legal battle. The regulations for the Act haven't been issued yet, but I think there are a lot of people concerned about what the impact is and will be in the future. In the long range, it really is detrimental to Indian people.

#### **DEPICTING NATURE**

Hachivi Edgar Heap of Birds & Andy Goldsworthy, May 9, 1992

Native and European cultures have evolved very different relations to the natural world which are reflected in aesthetic attitudes and forms of representation. What does it mean to work in and with nature as a form and subject? Is appreciation and description of nature an individual or social experience? How do we impose our cultural ideas, attitudes, and metaphors upon the natural world?

Hachivi Edgar Heap of Birds is a Tsistsistas (Cheyenne) Arapaho artist and activist who has exhibited nationally and internationally. While his public art often reasserts indigenous history and politics on or near the sites of their occurrence, his paintings are abstract, made in his studio in Oklahoma. Andy Goldsworthy, an artist living in Scotland and working in sites around the world, does site-specific work with natural materials, photographs those works and makes gallery works of natural materials.

are in this region and having there be no confusion that this is my place. It's not my place at all, and so it's a matter of acknowledging whose place it is and who allowed you to come there. It's never the mayor or these other people to me, it's the indigenous people. I had a commission to do work in New York City, so I made a series of twelve signs and put them up throughout City Hall Park in '88. And part of the whole work obviously was turning New York around. I had requested research and they had sent me the history of this park. The history began in 1620 or something like that. That's when history started you know. And the

**SYPHILIS** 

**SMALL POX** 

thing I was taught by another native person who also

acknowledged the people that were in the area where he was

visiting. And I still feel that way, being near the people that

pieces oddly enough caused some problems and the mayor's office censored six of them, and would not let them go up. There were other artists that were selected to do pieces. All their work went ahead, but I was limited to six tribes, actually, in City Hall Park. Like I said, it was too many tribes for New York to be around. It's very curious what gets sensitive in this country.

I just finished a new piece in Seattle in the fall. It's called Day

Night and it goes along with the piece that already existed—

that Chief Seattle statue that's there—and I was commissioned to do a piece anywhere in Seattle that I wanted and I picked this place. I researched the language, Chief Seattle's language, and worked with this primarily for about six months or so. My first trip there was maybe ten years ago, and actually I went to this park and talked to some people, other tribal people just sitting around and talking, so it was a place I gravitated to already. It's a very odd place. There are totem poles from Alaska there; there's a statue in metal of this chief that they took the land from and bought his name to make the city. And then all these tourists come there and think they're in British Columbia. It's such an out of place thing. So I wanted to com-**FORCED BAPTISMS** ment also on the people on the streets. There are a lot of street native people living in the park, and everyone walks by them to go

## Hachivi Edgar Heap of Birds

One of the first sign pieces I did in City Hall Park in New York City was a series called Native Hosts, and it was actually some-

MISSION GIFTS ENDING NATIVE LIVES their picture taken by the statue. It's a strange contradiction. It's about how the streets are our home; about what Chief Seattle talked about that many years ago. He talked about the white people and the Indians; he didn't think they could really co-exist very well, because he said it would be "like the day living with the night," and he thought there had to be some other kind of provision made. He also remarked about how people came to Washington. He couldn't understand how they could come there from other places and leave all their bodies of their ancestors in the ground somewhere else. It's also become a way of preserving the language, because the language is Lushootseed and it's probably one of the only public kind of presentations of the language in this place called Seattle and it's Seattle's language. So we're trying to get the city to keep it up and not take it away. They're trying to take it away. I'm trying to get them to stop.

I had a show at the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, but part of that to me was really about interacting with the community. For me the biggest part about being there was about a song, an honor song from the Dakota people. It was a song I had been given, actually a recording of probably a year before, unrelated to the museum. It was about what happened here. The signs I made talk about when Abraham Lincoln physically wrote out thirty-eight names of Dakota warriors after the war they had. During the Civil War, there was a war in Minnesota between the Dakota people and the Minnesota residents. As part of that, the white people punishing the Dakota people, Abraham Lincoln made a proclamation that he would have thirty-eight of them hung the day after Christmas in Mankato. I found a copy of the list that he wrote, and I worked from his list. I also worked with my tribal elder who helped me translate into English



CALIFORNIA PROJECT Petals, Oliver Ranch, California, Andy Goldsworthy, 1992.

and back into Dakota language. I made a memorial, I guess that's what it's become, to all of the warriors that were hung in Mankato. Also President Andrew Johnson, the president after Lincoln was assassinated, ordered two more executed, so there were forty altogether, and I made this four hundred foot long piece in the snow as part of my exhibition project there.

The idea of the site is very important to me, where it is, as well as the politics of it, and for me I can't really separate the two things. I don't see them as being different. I think it's all the same to me, where you put something, why you put it there. I chose the site primarily because of the wheat: the mills. There was a Gold Medal flour mill, and a Pillsbury flour

mill. In my research, I found that basically the economy, as always, is behind a war. At that time, they claimed that this district of Minneapolis shipped the most grain in the world, down the Mississippi. That was the conduit for all the business. Of course the grain was grown out in the rural areas where the tribes were causing the trouble and they needed their land to take over to make fields for the grain and so on. I wanted to really make that a point, so I located the sign project in the milling district. Also, there's kind of a little hill there where it goes up and there's an arc here in the sculpture. On the day that I was to put this up, it came to me that I should use flour. I didn't really know that until I was laying there in bed in Minneapolis and I had to get up and buy forty pounds of flour. I drove to the site, and the crew met me there about eight o'clock, and I scribed out a four hundred foot arc of flour, and then we put the signs on top of the flour and then it snowed on top of that too. It caused an uproar of controversy. People got very angry that I would remark about Abraham Lincoln doing something less than honorable. One of the editorials linked me with Charles Manson. It said I was a hate monger in America, and I lied about what he did. The text just talks about execution orders issued by the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, the date and death by hanging. And each one of the signs was exactly the same except for the name of the warrior, and "honor the warrior" is what I said. The community was very moved by the whole piece. We had a dedication, people came from the tribe, some songs were sung, sweet grass was burned and people came later, ancestors or descendants came and they put offerings on the poles. I still have some of the feathers and things that were put on. I'm trying to go back and resurrect this piece, put it back up in the park now, back in Minneapolis. That's always

the hardest part of the works—to intervene in history is allowable for a short period of time....

I rarely work in my own state. I live out on the reservation area and interact with people in a different way; not really in an artistic way back in the community. But in this project we had a chance to do something to counter Oklahoma's celebration of the hundredth anniversary of taking away the tribes' land. In Oklahoma, they have that Sooners Land Run. You may know that they actually swindled people before they were supposed to. They did it sooner. That's why they're called sooners when they had the land run. All of the state of Oklahoma is Indian Territory. There's not really any of that territory for non-native people. Then they changed the treaties and took the land away and gave it to the settlers and that's why they had the land run. So every April they have an incredible reenactment which goes throughout all the school systems: all the grade school kids come to school and they have a little red wagon and they dress up like pioneers and they bring their sack lunches and they run across the school yard and put a stake in the ground and take away Indian land. That's standard practice at every school and I've seen it happen myself. The hundredth anniversary in Oklahoma is going to be a big deal for this kind of practice, so I made a series of billboards that just try and turn the Sooners away and run them in the other direction, with the word going that way. It [the piece] says "Sooners Run over Indian Nations, Apartheid Oklahoma." We had the billboards up and then I made some t-shirts and then people started wearing them. The day was coming when the city was going to have its big celebration, and then everyone said well let's have a protest march. So we made more t-shirts and then people marched from the Native American Center in Oklahoma City to the State Capitol and

had a forum on the steps of the Capitol. So it was a very, very positive kind of way to bring people together and focus people on this other part of the history.

#### **Andy Goldsworthy**

To understand the leaf, I have to understand light. I usually do not take anything out with me in the way of tools because I do not know what I am going to make. It is not that I am against the use of tools, it's just that the most creative, sensitive way to make my work is with my hands. The leaves are stitched together with grass stalks and hung from the tree. When I collect thorns or stalks to stitch the leaves, I build a relationship with the tree from which I collect. I understand that thorn, and there is a great sense of satisfaction of finding the means to make the work in the same place that I find the material. I would not want to have that same relationship with a pot of glue. The shadow that these patches leave are as important as the color, as the light shining through. Cutting a line with color. The red line is made with poppy petals, each one licked to another, held to the tree with spit. If I had used glue, I would have forfeited the joy and the sensitivity of making that petal stick in a way that is so sensitive to the movement of the leaf and the wind and the morning and I would have forfeited the sensation of taste, touch. These are important, these inform me, this is how I learn. And as I say, that is what my art is about. It is a way of learning, learning with my hands. Material and how a work is made is intensely important to me. To say it isn't, is to say it doesn't matter how a tree has grown or how I've grown. And I know that the way something is made gives the work energy and vigor. Color is not just about surface. Color can reach deep into nature, drawing out qualities that are inside the rock. Color is not pretty or decorative and at times it can be raw with energy.

It is difficult for a sculptor to work with flowers and petals and understandably there are prejudices towards certain materials and I have had to lose those prejudices. And I'm sure there are criticisms of my work for using such materials, but I feel a need to work with leaves and petals in the same way I need to work with stones. They are both powerful in their own way, and to understand nature as a whole, I have to understand both. The ephemeral works are typically recorded with two images, one close-up and one from a distance, to show the location. As Yves Klein said of his monochrome paintings, they are the leftovers from the creative processes, the ashes. My pictures are, after all, only the title deeds to my property which I have to produce when asked to prove that I am a proprietor.

Every so often I need to break down the structures in which I work and let randomness take control. It is a process where I am the initiator of the act but not a controller. I am just as aware as I'm making these more ephemeral works as I am when making the more controlled works, and through that awareness, become a participant in the piece. A ball of red earth, thrown into the river: when I make a splash, it's not the first splash that I'm after, because when a ball of earth hits the water, then it goes underneath the water and erupts back up with a deeper red splash. And that's the splash I want. And this wasn't quite right because for this work, I need it to be greener. The place needs to be greener. It needs to be made in summer, which you will find strange, but England is very green in summer, and that will give the red a more vividness. And maybe I work when the sun is hitting the water too, to bring out that color. The color is all these things.

The more I work with ice and snow, the more I realize there is much to be learned about the land and processes and forces

that make up the land and life. Everything is fluid; it just flows at a very slow, slow rate. When I make installations indoors, I try to have a sense of either change in the work or response to the atmosphere, the architecture of the building. A long time ago, 1983 or something, I brought a snowball into a gallery to melt. And it was so interesting because bits dropped out of the snowball. I got this idea to do a big installation of snowballs each mixed with different things, and it took eight years to persuade Christian Salverson, a cold storage company-well not just them but anybody really-to look after them for six or seven months because the exhibition had to be in summer. There is something very potent about the last patch of snow that you find on a mountain, often in summer. It's as if all winter is drained through that snow, and when I come across snow in that way I want to make a ball of snow, bring it down into the valley and just leave it. I often do that, and just leave it in a place. So I made eighteen snowballs and they were brought out in summer in Glasgow and left to melt. I don't confront the way Christo would an idea. I like an idea to just gather momentum and to be passed around by word. And you know, I enjoy the idea of snowballs having been discussed at the executive-board level at Christian Salverson, and I enjoy that my snowballs travelled in this big truck and then were brought out. And as the stones dropped out, there were these beautiful noises that upset anybody who was standing next to the snowball.

I had the opportunity to go north and for an artist for whom all the seasons are very important, to go to the source of winter, to the north, was like being able to go to the source of spring or summer or autumn. I worked with an Inuit, in a village called Grisfjord on Ellesmere Island. And the logical conclusion of the trip was to go to the North Pole itself, where I

made this work. It's quite a formal piece: four rings, so that when you stood in the middle everywhere was south. It was formal because it reflected the way that the sun went round at the same height, didn't go down or up; it's going at a slight spiral, but you don't notice that. So it needed to be equal on all sides. It is made next to a crack in the ice. You can just see it, and it would soon be destroyed. I would not like to make a work in that place that would last. My intention in going there was not to be the first sculptor on the North Pole. It was for deeply personal reasons that I went there.

I live in Scotland and one of the reasons I moved there is because of the access laws to the land. There is no law of trespass. You can walk anywhere, and there is a responsibility about that that I like. The farmers are more relaxed, and for an artist who works with the land, obviously it's very important. I have found that the village and the farmers and the landowners have been very tolerant of what I do. More than that, very supportive.

#### **AGENTS OF CHANGE**

Frida of The Guerrilla Girls, John Spain & Chris Peters, June 13, 1992

What does it mean to create effective or lasting change? Is change necessary? What informs activists' interventions? For native people, maintaining and continuing tradition is an activist stance, perpetuating sustainability. Often this goal is at odds with the ethic and practice of Western culture.

The Guerrilla Girls is a New-York-based feminist activist group which has generated posters dealing with sexism, racism and economics inside and outside the art world. All members wear gorilla masks during public appearances to preserve the group's anonymity. Frida is the masked representative for the Guerrilla Girls. John Spain, a former Black Panther leader and member of the San Quentin Six, works for the San Francisco Sheriff's Department designing educational programs for prisoners. He has lectured widely on discrimination and the need for prison reform. Chris Peters (Yurok-Karuk) heads the Seventh Generation Fund, a native foundation in Hoopa, California, dedicated to the economic development of self-sufficient native communities. Chris has been involved in native activism for the past twenty years.

#### Frida of The Guerrilla Girls

Since the topic of this discussion is social activism and agents for change, I thought I would talk a little about our strategies, how we happened to find a voice, and one that worked. Not by any great ideological strategy, we sort of rode by the seat of our panty hose (that was a joke). Without great vision of the future it just sort of happened and now it's become a bit of a galloping horse. Our approaches to things change and

since the tenor of the art world changed in the last year and multiculturalism is very fashionable, we have branched out into other areas because we found that the art audience in a minor way had been conquered. That's not to say that things are great in the art world, it just means that there are other forces in the art world now looking after many of the issues that we started.

One of the first posters we did addressed racism in the art world. What we wanted to do was to shame collectors into feeling a little insecure about all the money that they were putting into art and especially art by white men. So it asks the question: When racism and sexism are no longer fashionable what will your art collection be worth? The art market won't bestow megabuck prices on the works of a few white males forever. For the seventeen million dollars you just spent on a single Jasper Johns you could have bought at least one work by all of these women and artists of color. And it was a little prophetic because now if there is any kind of investment tip it is to buy art by women artists and artists of color.

We wanted to play around with the institution of Black History Month and Women's History Month. It was a project we did for a lower Manhattan newspaper. It asks the question, If February is Black History Month and March is Women's History Month, what happens the rest of the year? Discrimination.

Everyone told us we were doing too many negative things so we wanted to do something that would encourage women, give them some sense of pride and empowerment. So we set out to list all the ways in which being a women artist has advantages. And everyone has their favorite. Knowing your career might pick up after you're 80 is my favorite.

We did a series of posters in response to the Gulf War. We really felt that the war pre-empted the art issues of last year. This poster started out to be a bill for the new world order and it actually turned into a missing in action wish list of all the things that could have been done with the amount of money that was spent on the Gulf War. National health care, an end to homelessness, childcare and education for all, a cure for AIDS, etc., etc.

In response to the American army looking after the prisoners of war in the Iraqi army, the poster asked the question, *What's the difference between a prisoner of war and a homeless person? Under the Geneva convention, a prisoner of war is entitled to food, shelter and medical care.* 

This was a letter we wrote to the news media, thanking them for the war but criticizing how it was presented. It reads, *Dear Uncle Sam and the news media: The way we won that war was a blast, but compared to Rambo or even Vietnam, it was a real snore. What I like about war is action. Seeing blood and guts. C'mon, man. 250,000 people blown away. Why couldn't we see the pieces? Next time we get to kick some ass, you'd better show some collateral damage or else don't hog the prime time. Signed, Yours, a Real American.* We really stepped outside of our girly voice here and tried to imagine what it was like to be macho.

This is a recent poster we did for the March on Washington. It states, *Guerrilla Girls demand a return to traditional values on abortion. Before the mid-19th-century, abortions in the first few months of pregnancy were legal, even the Catholic church did not forbid it until 1869.* This really was a kind of reversion to our use of statistics and information to sort of startle and jolt people, this is really an amazing statistic. The curious

thing was, in the march on Washington, it took too long to read, so it couldn't compete with slogans like, "Any man who doesn't believe in the reproductive rights of women should go fuck himself." That was one of the more memorable slogans.

We did a rape poster which was a very sad poster, for me at least. It says, If you're raped, you might as well relax and enjoy it, because no one will believe you. In 1988, for example, of the estimated 185,000 rapes in the United States, there were only 39,160 arrests, resulting in 15,700 convictions, which is the lowest conviction rate for any major assault crime.

We did a poster in response to Clarence Thomas' testimony in the Senate because we really felt that gay and lesbian rights activists should take great heart in it. In his testimony he said, "I am not going to engage in discussions of what goes on in the most intimate parts of my private life within the sanctity of my bedroom. They are the most intimate parts of my privacy and will remain just that." *If Clarence Thomas' bedroom is sacred, so is yours.* Perhaps that means he is pro-choice too, I don't know.

And we're doing several new posters that I don't have printed up yet, I have only the text for. They have to do with the L.A. riots and the Rodney King affair. The first one, the headline runs, Hold your wallets and cross your legs, these white men have been videotaped looting your neighborhood. Then we have a list of the characters—George Bush, President of the United States, bankrupting the U.S. economy for the Gulf War, Neal Bush, son of President Bush, board member of the failed Silverado Savings and Loan, whose debts will have to be paid by the U.S. taxpayer, Charles Keating, jailed director of the failed Lincoln Savings and Loan, mastermind of the S&L debacle costing taxpayers five billion dollars, former member of the

President's commission on obscenity and pornography.... The idea was to equate the looting that went on in Los Angeles with all sorts of other looting that does not nearly get public condemnation.

The other poster has the headline, Guerrilla Girls Social Studies Quiz. Question: How long did it take to loot South Central L.A.?

A. 81 seconds, the length of the videotape beating of Rodney King.

B. 72 hours, the length of the riots themselves.

C. 12 years, the duration of the Reagan-Bush Administration.

In the future, we are publishing a quarterly newsletter, *Hot Flashes*, to monitor racism and sexism in the art world. And we are negotiating a contract to do our story as a book to be called something like *Confessions of the Guerrilla Girls*. Every time we want to get back to our own lives, things get a little more interesting for the Girls. We were invited to Europe 5 times last year, to Australia and South America, too. So, maybe this is our own lives, being Good Girls making Bad News into Political Action.

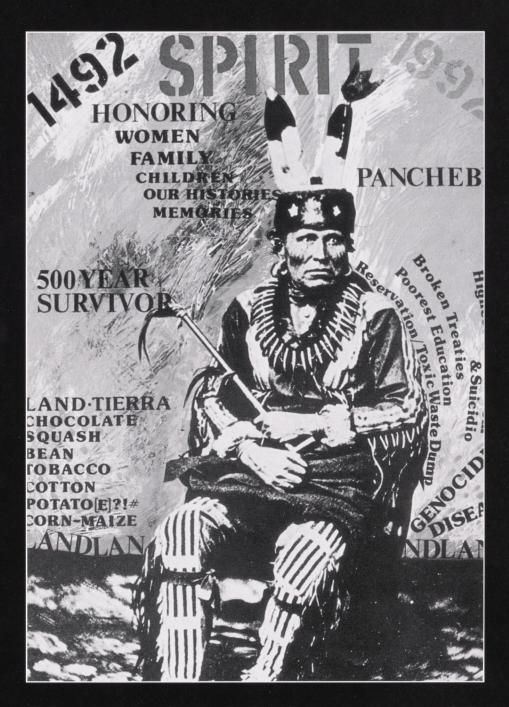
## John Spain

Good afternoon. In talking about Agents of Change, I think perhaps the most fundamental agent to change is the very definition that people use to identify whatever problem you think needs changing. We look at the term multiculturalism, and as Frida said, that has become fashionable, and it is another trend toward what people in the United States have become accustomed to—attempting to correct problems that are not base problems but really effects. Let's change the definition of the effect. We don't need multiculturalism in our society, and if

anyone thinks we actually do need multiculturalism, I would suggest we had a concept that already embraced multiculturalism, called humanism. I'll say it again. We don't need multiculturalism in our society and for anyone who really thinks that we do, we already have a concept that embraced multiculturalism, which is, humanism.

We read government forms that require you to put down your race. What race are you? My mother is white, my father is black, my wife's mother is white, her father is black, and people are continually asking us, "What race are you?" And of course I always say, "Human, what are you?" But our forms require that. We went through this battle with our daughter, because state law requires that race be put in there. Okay, so I said human, and the administrator said, well, for our records, what we meant was, nationality, I said, well, okay, American! No, for our records, what we meant was . . . and I said, well now wait a minute, you're going to put human on the form! Because state law requires that you do so, and if you don't, I am going to call the cops and have you arrested, because you are in violation of state law. Human is what will go on that form.

We get away from the notion of humanism because it has become convenient to avoid the real problems that we are facing in our lives. The issue in Los Angeles around the riots was not Rodney King, it was not a truck driver being taken from his truck and being beaten. It was not the people who were killed. It was not any of that. The problem, the issue was what was going to be done after the riots. I attended a press conference in Los Angeles, where Peter Uberroth's chief of staff was there and he said, "We are going to rebuild this city, the name of our program is Rebuild L.A.," and they were talking for an hour about reconstructing buildings, getting people



The End of Innocence No.2, George Longfish (Seneca/Tuscarora) and Ines Hernandez, (Chicana-Tejana and Nimipu). One of 6 posters from Native Voices Go Public created by Native American artists on kiosks on Market St., San Francisco, California, October 1992 through January 1993. Cocurated by American Indian Contemporary Arts and Headlands Center for the Arts.

back to business as usual. I had a very simple question, I wanted to know, "What does your committee intend to do about a segment of our society that has been written off as expendable?"

The critical difference is between people who are unemployed and people who are unemployable, because when they finish high school, they cannot read and write, they have no vocational skills. Not only that, but you hire many of the people from the inner city that haven't been trained in the work force, and they can't compete. I had a class at UC Berkeley, where I had 80 students, and I learned that 75% of the minorities who attended UC Berkeley under Affirmative Action dropped out in the first year. Why did they drop out? They dropped out because they could not compete. Well, obviously the young minorities are not as smart as other kids. Genetics. Why did 75% of those kids drop out? They dropped out because they could not compete. They had no work habits, no work study habits. They didn't understand many of the grant avenues that were available. They hadn't been taught some of the fundamentals that are required to compete in college.

Am I saying racism exists? That's not the point. You would have to be an idiot like George Bush not to recognize whether racism exists. One of the problems in our society is that we get stuck on racism exists and that becomes the answer. We get stuck on racism. Blacks are angry, whites are defensive, well let's draw a line there. Let's be defensive and angry and let's talk about racism. Let's keep that as the issue.

Would someone please name the third largest industry in California? Our third largest industry is a combination of the California Department of Corrections, that's the prison system, and the California prison industries. A guy told me on KQED,

"I want to build three new prisons, 6,000 new beds, and I'll make your streets safer," he said. And I said, "I support that. Except, I want to build 25 new prisons and put 3,000 in each one, 75,000 new beds" and if we could do that in one week we would still be faced with the same circumstance we are facing right now in our criminal justice system. This guy was an ex-federal prosecutor. And I said "Sir, I knew you were going to say that today, that's why I did my homework, I always do my homework. 9.7 percent of the reported crime in California, is all that our criminal justice system deals with, less than 10 percent. Everything we know about criminal justice, police, courts, county jails, prisons, parole, probation, all of it is less than 10 percent. What would 6,000 new beds do? What would 75,000 new beds do? In the face of that, it would not put a dent in our criminal justice system. I want to sort of give you some statistics because hopefully we can talk about this later. 95 percent of the people who go to prison get out. The conservative line is, "I want to build more prisons and keep those people in there longer." The fact is, overcrowding isn't going to let you keep people in there longer and 95 percent of them are getting out. The conservative line is, "I don't want to hear any bleeding heart liberal programs, I want those people beaten everyday." Excuse me a minute, let me see if I've got this right. You want to beat people who go to prison and you release 95 percent of them. You want me to ride the bus with people who have been beaten? And you are protecting me?

You want to execute people when they are 28 years old. I have a better answer, because I love computers and I am a systems person, so I am saying how can you do this better? What I want to do is, I want to support the death penalty but I don't want to support it given the arguments you are giving,

# RELAX SENATOR HELMS, THE ART WORLD IS YOUR KIND OF PLACE!

- The number of blacks at an art opening is about the same as at one of your garden parties.
- Many museum trustees are at least as conservative as Ronald Lauder.
- Because aesthetic quality stands above all, there's never been a need for Affirmative Action in museums or galleries.
- Most art collectors, like most successful artists, are white males.
- Women artists have their place: after all, they earn less than 1/3 of what male artists earn.
- Museums are separate but equal. No female black painter or sculptor has been in a Whitney Biennial since 1973. Instead, they can show at the Studio Museum in Harlem or the Women's Museum in Washington.
- Since most women artists don't make a living from their work and there's no maternity leave or childcare in the art world, they rarely choose both career and motherhood.
- The sexual imagery in most respected works of art is the expression of wholesome heterosexual males.
- Unsullied by government interference, art is one of the last unregulated markets. Why, there isn't even any self-regulation!
- The majority of exposed penises in major museums belong to the Baby Jesus.

because they're ridiculous. We know where 91 percent of the people come from [the foster care system]. The average age of people who enter the foster care system is five. There is your answer - just execute these people at five years old! And the guy says, "That's ridiculous." I said, "I know. Isn't it?" I have had conservatives do this, they say, "What is a bleeding heart liberal? It's a person who supports programs, pours in lots of money to worthless programs." I said, "Well isn't your death penalty policy expensive? I mean, you're pouring in, now let me see, twenty-three years of worthless whatever you do to these people in foster care. Then you execute them. You're a bleeding heart liberal, man. That's your problem. You're upset because you're a bleeding heart liberal. I got it."

People who do not understand criminal justice will accept any reason to act on it. Let's act on it, let's change this. Let's be an agent of change. Do you know what the starting salary is for a prison guard? Someone want to take a guess at that? It is \$34,000—\$34,000 to watch over people that the very process of this structure has destroyed and then you release 95 percent of them. The average grade level of people in prison is the fifth grade. Well, let's check this formula out here. I am of the opinion that the state of affairs in our society is not an accident. I don't think it is because of racism and I don't think it is because of bad business management. I think the state of affairs is because of good business management. Why is it good business management if we are facing all of these problems? Let's suppose that all of us in this room wanted to start a business and we could do so with three givens.

One, we go into the business with the entire state of California, thinking, we need their business. That's a big one. We have the whole state wanting our product. That's great!

Two, 82 percent of our product is defective. That's bad, that's bad, but the saving grace. Three, is we have the only repair shop in the state.

Unethical, you may say. It may be unethical. 82 percent of the people released from prison go back to the only repair shop in the state. It cost \$42,000 per year to keep a person in state prison. \$42,000! I spent 21 years in the California prison system. If only they had told me, "We'll give you \$42,000 a year." Even as the stupid 17 year old that I was at the time, I could figure that one out. \$42,000, to do what?

Last year we had over 100,000 state prisoners. Only state prisoners. Not county jail, not juvenile, not what used to be mental health. 100,000 state prisoners last year. 42,000 of those prisoners last year were there on parole violations for testing dirty. Does anyone know what testing dirty means? Taking a blood test or urine test, and you can prove with this that they smoked some marijuana or snorted some cocaine or something? Excuse me, wait a minute, hold on, let me see if I got this right. That's my favorite phrase. Let me see if I got this right. I am being asked to pay \$42,000 because someone decided to smoke some weed? There is something wrong with that formula. Now, everyone get back into the mode of the business. We are in a business together, that's great stuff.

Let's figure out ways to violate these people as much as possible, because the taxpayers pay us \$42,000 as long as we can keep this bed filled. No, that's not adventurous. Let's figure out a way to scare the taxpayers into building some more prisons so we can put some more people in there and get some more \$42,000 per person and rising. That's great business because we have the only repair shop in the state.

When I was in prison, I spent almost a decade in solitary con-

finement. The authorities said, "This guy's a political activist. He's one of those agents of change. Let's rehabilitate his ass. Quickly. So we are going to lock you up. And we are going to put you in solitary confinement. We are going to punish you." And I was young and I could go for it then, but I still had this great question that I used to always ask myself. Let me see if I got this right. "You're going to lock me into a prison within a prison. That's the first thing. Let me take it a little further. You're going to put me in a cell with the person that I love most in the world. That's great! That's wonderful!" I told them. Because I refused to allow people to punish me for what I believed in. Other people had done five months to six months to a year in solitary confinement and gone absolutely berserk. And I resolved not to allow that to happen. Some people said, "How did you do that? How did you manage to do 21 years of prison and almost a decade, half a score in solitary confinement. How did you manage that?"

There were people who had never been in the Department of Corrections who were in deeper holes of solitary confinement than the prison system can conceive of. There were people who were fully of the opinion that they could create a structure to limit me. There are people in Los Angeles who are trying to rebuild it with structures, they are using that same formula, and I would suggest that the problems are not in the buildings, not in the inability of the fire department, and not in the inability of the police. It's in people's notions that human problems do not warrant human input and solutions. They would rather peel people's attention off into little neat categories, segments that are ineffective and insignificant in and of themselves. Does racism exist in our country? Racism has existed since who knows when. In looking at the agents of change, I would suggest that people start identifying the problems correctly.

#### **Chris Peters**

You know, with native people, racism is so ingrained that people aren't even conscious of some of the racist mentalities that exist in a dominant society. Our experience of the United States is quite different than a lot of other ethnic groups. We have evolved in this society as wanting to be different, wanting to be separate and distinct identities, and have maintained that position for a long time. Before the 1960s we looked at activism in native communities as rights of protection. Agents of change, cultural leaders and significant people have historically stood up for native rights. The right to maintain a separate existence, issues of sovereignty, that we are separate and distinct nations, that we have some basic rights. Water rights, hunting rights, fishing rights and gathering rights. Those types of rights sustain our existence, sustain our livelihood in our communities and sustain our families, so that we could exist in this country even if Safeway shut down tomorrow.

Up until the 1960s that pretty much dominated native thinking. As we got into the sixties, activism in Indian communities changed significantly. People were being educated. The new Indian came about, new ideas came into existence. People started thinking a little bit differently. We were hit significantly with postwar development and a sort of decadence that hit American society and gradually filtered down to native communities. That decadence, that postwar decadence basically changed the focus of native issues— the focus of issues in the United States—changed the world perhaps, and if we don't look seriously at it, could possibly destroy the planet we live on.

Through the process of trying to fix the problem, trying to bring people's standard of living up somewhat equal to what white people were experiencing in the United States, some conditions have changed. Housing has improved somewhat. Economies have improved somewhat, but basically the process was that of acculturation. While changing our value systems, how we think, native people went through a drastic change. We've seen an evolution of a new Indian American, a person that is more motivated for self gain, more motivated toward owning things, possessing things.

There is a fascination with television. All of the things that we see. The Barbie Doll has hit Indian country. Middle class values. And it is a value system that the ecosystems of this planet cannot tolerate. We look at the development of Indian communities, the development of poor communities, and try to bring it equal to white people. The decadent lifestyles that we live are at the cost of our very existence.

I work for a group that is called the Seventh Generation Fund. The basic philosophy of the Seventh Generation Fund is that in each of our deliberations we look at the impact of those decisions on the seventh generation from now. Today's society doesn't look past next week, doesn't look past next month, and certainly doesn't look far enough in the future to see what impact this lifestyle we live will have on our children. And it sets forth a model for development over the years that we are conforming to. That we want a two car garage, we want a white picket fence, we want color television sets, we want a refrigerator. We want all of the things that the American society now thinks are basic necessities. Those basic necessities are destroying our existence. Change is definitely needed. Social transformation is definitely needed.

We have inherited in our lifetime a significant responsibility, an obligation to protect and to preserve this planet, this world, this third stone from the sun. We need to protect it and assume that responsibility for future generations, but we are not doing that right now. Some people say we have to assume these responsibilities within the next five or ten years, otherwise we overshoot the resources of the world and it's going to be too late. Yet we are not taking even the slightest step to slow down, to walk instead of ride to the store at the corner. We are not making the big decisions that need to be made.

Young kids will inherit a world improved by our positive decisions, or they inherit a dying planet. We human beings on this planet must willingly, within the next ten or fifteen years, begin to make sacrifices for a different type of lifestyle, to make some inner commitment, some change of how we think and how we react and break down some of the habits that we have now.

Agents of change: they are beginning to happen. You see the messages coming out more and more. But it is not happening nearly fast enough. Agents of change are not only The Guerrilla Girls, not only John Spain. Being agents of change is the responsibility of people in this room. In taking affirmative steps to protect and preserve what you hold sacred, that is life itself. And if we don't look to the next generation we begin a process of chaos. Enough prisons can't be built to house the chaos that will happen.

#### **POVERTY POLITICS**

John Malpede, Bill Means & Carl Anthony, July 2, 1992

Cities and public spaces have increasingly become sites for tourism and consumption, resticting areas for activism or social discussion. In the wake of inner-city turmoil, how can the lives of cities be determined by those who live in them rather than colonialized by those who own them?

Performance artist *John Malpede* is the founder and director of Los Angeles Poverty Department, a theater collective of homeless people based in Los Angeles which works in nontraditional venues. *Bill Means* is active in the American Indian Movement (AIM) and a member of the International Indian Treaty Council. Interested in grassroots education, he is principal of the Heart of the Earth Survival School in Minnesota. *Carl Anthony* is director of the Urban Habitat Program, president of Earth Island Institute, founder of the newsletter *Race, Poverty and the Environment* and on the faculty of the Natural Resources Department at UC Berkeley.

#### John Malpede

I say that change is about exchange and it's not about, like, "there will be change when everyone comes to embrace my fucking ideas." We happen to be in a very diverse area. We also happen to be in an area where everyone has been exiled from something more natural to them and been forced to be with people. As Sunshine in our group says, "I wouldn't even talk to any of these motherfuckers in any other circumstance."

What's great is they don't agree on anything. I believe in embracing disagreement—finding a way to balance who the individual is against the needs of the group and having both



Day/Night Series, 42" x 84" porcelain enamel panels in Pioneer Square, Seattle, Washington. One side English, one side in Lushootseed. Hachivi Edgar Heap of Birds (Tsistsistas), 1990.

of those things happening at the same time, not subordinating one to the other. It is a really horrible thing to have to go through and it's really a pain in the ass. And it's really important to do that. Finding ways to agree to disagree and having that be okay is really important. And in theater work the product should reflect that too.

I'm with the Los Angeles Poverty Department, which is a nonpolitical agency. It's the agency that the city forgot to form, so we formed it ourselves. It's a theater group based in the heart of Los Angeles' Skid Row. We rehearse in the reception area of a law firm when the lawyers aren't there. It's not a lot larger than a bread box and we open the door out to the street and anyone can come in. That's one of the coolest things about the Los Angeles Poverty Department: anyone can come in because it is a totally diverse neighborhood out there on the street. And it's been designed to be that way by governmental structures. It's an area where people go when they have fallen out of their communities. They're from East Los Angeles, from South Central Los Angeles. They're from everywhere. We have people who are eighteen and we have people who are sixty. We have all races, all religions, all political points of view; many different mental states, many different physical states. We're interested in having as many different party lines as we have parties in the room. We're interested in all the unique and different facets that each individual can contribute, mixing them up in ways to exchange and relate together while still maintaining what's unique about everybody there.

I started LAPD in the beginning of 1984. It was generally regarded as a harebrained scheme. At that time there were 20,000 people living in that area of LA in missions or hotels. There were lots of layers of things happening in one place,

like here or in New York: restaurants, shelters, government, theater, business, all in the same place. It's like this area had been saved, cordoned off, except that when we started, you couldn't find the latest sneaker styles, you couldn't buy a newspaper and you couldn't go to a restaurant. So when LAPD started, there wasn't even a basketball hoop in the neighborhood. There was nothing there except beans and blankets, beans and blankets, beans and blankets. This was a totally harebrained idea: what do people need theater for? What is the point of this? The art world thought it was community art. Nowadays people like to support community art but really it's a code word for stupid shit. That's the progress we've made on that front. But people on the street were dissing us too. And the word on the street was that we were just playing because we weren't trying to go to Hollywood and make a million bucks, because everyone is trying to do that and that's why they were there, even the people on Skid Row.

In LAPD we've done things pragmatically, like a big carpentry job. Rather than fitting people into structures, we try to fit everyone into what we have in the room. We have a lot of people who have been certified by the government as not able to work, which is not easy. It takes a lot of work to get certified. You're rejected. You're rejected. You're rejected. You're rejected. People in our group work as hard as anyone, but the rules are a little more flexible. We have this way of working where we make up shows together and we have a scenario that's improvised within the scenario and everyone contributes. And we all take credit for everything or just a few of the good ideas, depending on what kind of mood you're in.

#### **Bill Means**

Our political leaders always said that the wealth of an Indian

is based on what he gives away, not so much as what he accumulates. As a leader, and as a person of stature in a community, wealth is based on what you give away either in the form of services or materials.

That is why as part of our culture we have a ceremony, in English it is called a 'Give Away,' the opposite of a birthday. For instance, last year my daughter graduated from high school. We saved up from the beginning of her junior year, not just our family, but my whole family, saved up blankets, beaded goods. When she graduated, instead of her receiving gifts, we had a 'Give Away' in her honor. We would call up different teachers and counselors, people who helped her along the way, and give them a blanket. One of my brothers-in-law, who has a lot of horses, he gave a horse away to one of her teachers. These are things that are more intact and we need more of them. It gives a different perspective on wealth. As wealth increases you give away more rather than accumulate more.

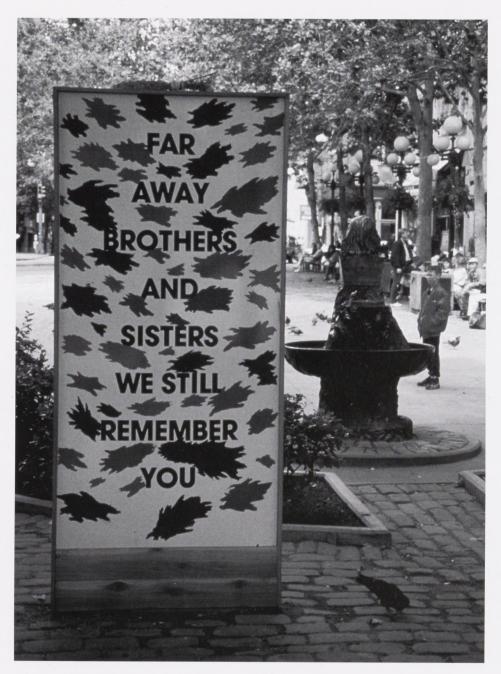
I believe we are at important crossroads in the evolution of education, truth and history, the quincentennial and the whole issue of poverty and politics. I believe that what is happening to the homeless and others is just a forerunner of what is happening to indigenous people throughout the hemisphere. That is, when politics disconnect people from the land and force them into the city to a different kind of life, we have the beginning of the destruction of a way of life. In the days when there was a lot of poverty, whether it was in the south or on the reservation lands where we come from, the culture of our people, with the family being strong, eliminated hopelessness. Our families were so strong, we always had relatives and a home somewhere that we could connect with.

I became involved in our community through our movement.

We began to confront public schools and educational institutions about these distortions of history: mainly that whenever an Indian speaks he or she always has to deal with Columbus discovering America; second, that we came over the Bering Straits, a wandering band of nomads that preyed on innocent white settlers; and third, that Indian people no longer exist. Usually we try to clear those myths up right away. Most of you have been denied the knowledge and the chance to learn about the contributions of indigenous people.

Getting back to the issue of what we decided to do, trying to change some of these institutions came after years of knocking on the public school doors saying, "You know Columbus didn't discover America, you know that the Lakota and Dakota people were here long before the state of Minnesota existed," and pointing out other distortions of history. They would always have the same answer. "Oh yes, we'd love to teach an Indian studies class but we can't find the money." Even though we had various civil rights laws and other kinds of victories that would allow cultural diversity, it didn't happen.

We were pushed into a corner when three young men in Minneapolis were expelled from school because they refused to cut their hair. I'm not talking about 1868, I'm talking about 1968. A time for a lot of social change, a time for a lot of people being active. A judge was going to have the parents jailed for contributing to the delinquency of a minor if they did not find an alternative school for their children. We, as militants, as young organizers, we had to live up to our rhetoric, so we established the Heart of the Earth Survival School in 1972. It is now a fully accredited K-12 education program. It has an open enrollment and is tuition free. We only have room for 250 students. We decided that the education of our children can make



Day/Night Series, 42" x 84" porcelain enamel panels in Pioneer Square, Seattle, Washington. One side English, one side in Lushootseed. Hachivi Edgar Heap of Birds (Tsistsistas), 1990.

a real difference if parents are involved in a policy making role instead of just an advisory role. We found out that we immediately changed the level of achievement. Our kids can score as high as any kids whether it is math or science, language or art or social sciences, it doesn't matter, once kids have a chance to learn their culture and build their self-esteem and identity. That has a lot to do with it.

We couldn't teach just Indian culture in our schools. For example, traditionally in America for Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday we have Black History Month. We try to bring in guests and speakers and talk about Southeast Asian culture, European holidays, and try to tell kids where they come from. We teach them a variety of things, like the fact that Europeans used to have a ceremony where they brought a tree in the house. By honoring the tree they showed their relationship to nature and that tree became the Christmas tree.

We have had to do a lot of training of non-Indian teachers because it is very difficult to recruit our own people for the inner city when their goal is to return home to the land. We found out a very important thing: non-Indian teachers can teach culture and do a good job. My son is a good example. During his first years, kindergarten and first grade, he had non-Indian teachers, but he almost knows more of the language than his mother or I do. It's kind of neat to see that non-Indian people can work with culture and teach aspects of culture and identity and self-pride just as well as anybody.

# **Carl Anthony**

I was thinking about the struggle that the people are having in Kettleman City. A company, Chemwaste, is trying to put in an incinerator plant\* and as a result of the work of the people in that community and a number of environmental organizations, they were able to resist that. They were able to bring the larger community into their resistance and they had a large celebration. I went down there with a few other people. I thought how wonderful it was to be in a community where people are in touch with each other and glad to be with each other. That is also a part of the wealth that we are giving away as part of the consumer society. To be in celebration with a small town of about a thousand people, where most of them showed up, is very different from being an isolated person in the city where the only thing that you can really do is go shopping at the mall. No matter how much money you have, you can't purchase that kind of solidarity.

We have gone through being alienated from the land, being alienated from our ability to take care of ourselves. If somebody around here were to grow some food for themselves they would probably be labeled criminal, because they would have to find a piece of land that belonged to somebody else. There are whole series of examples of things that happened to African-Americans, for instance, who worked in forced labor to produce commodities for sale in Europe and to finance the Industrial Revolution. This process impoverished the people who were involved with it, so their direct relationship to the land and their wealth was never realized. Now we have the problem of being in the cities, because our ancestors had to escape from the brutal exploitation of the south where they were farm workers, just as there are farm workers in California who are being exploited. We are making our way in this funny environment of food stamps and plastic ATM machines, when the real potential of our communities producing the things that we need has been totally destroyed. No matter how much money you make, you can't repair that unless you focus on what the real sources of wealth are.

One of the things I think is real strange about this job business is there didn't seem to be any shortage of work when they brought the Africans over here to work on the plantations. There seem like there was no problem getting people up at 4 o'clock in the morning and working them like dogs until 11 o'clock at night. And then when the boll weevil hit and they had declared industrialization in the South and decided to declare war on whoever they decided to declare war on [in World War II], then there didn't seem to be any problem with having work in the city. See, we had people who within two or three days were suddenly qualified to work in the war industries, to build ships, to load munitions, we had Port Chicago out here. There didn't seem to be any problem and all along for the last five or ten generations African-American women have been working in the work place, 50-60 percent of the population. There didn't seem to be any problem getting work.

Then all of a sudden when the war was over and they had to retool for peace time, suddenly nobody was qualified and now we're in a situation where we have huge unemployment rates in the cities. I think we need to pull the blanket off and see that it's not just about jobs. It's about a pattern of exploitation that satisfies somebody else's need. What we need is new works, not a pattern of new economic development, but economic investment that is going to increase the community's well-being, not make people into consumers and get them into this kind of rat race.

\*The Kettleman City incinerator project was defeated by the community and outside activists in 1993.

# ALTERED TERRAIN: A SYMPOSIUM ON THE LANDSCAPE

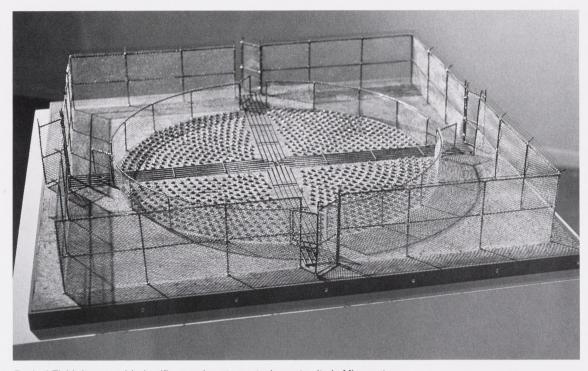
Mel Chin, Vana Lawson & Susan Griffin, November 15, 1992

How do we come to the altered terrain of the Americas, with its multitude of immigrant species, eradicated and constructed landscapes, polluted rivers, air and soil? What projects and processes help us develop a symbiotic relation to the environment rather than a parasitic or superficial one? What kind of thinking should inform our aesthetic?

Mel Chin is a visual artist whose work has dealt with environmental reclamation and vanishing species. His installations and projects have been seen in galleries and museums across the country. Vana Lawson (Pomo Kashaya) is an ethnobotanist at Ya-Ka-Ama Native Plant Nursery and works as an educator and community activist, teaching native culture and native plant knowledge. She has written and lectured extensively on traditional uses of native plants. Susan Griffin is a well-known feminist, poet and essayist living in the East Bay. Her books include Woman and Nature, Pornography and Silence and A Chorus of Stones: The Private Life of War.

### **Mel Chin**

I guess many people are aware of the *Revival Field Project*, which is a bioremediation experiment using plants to remove heavy metals from the soil. I have to go back a bit to show how it was invented and what kind of thinking is behind it. The process that led me to *Revival Field* began after my one-person exhibition at the Hirschhorn in 1989. This had been the first major showing of some of my large-scale labor-intensive pieces such as *The Extraction of Plenty from What Remains* 



Revival Field. An artwork/scientific experiment on a toxic waste site in Minnesota.

1823 and The Operation of the Sun through the Cult of the Hand. Afterward I began to push myself into an evolutionary situation. I realized that my particular passion at that time was making things via the hand, and I decided to remove this aspect from my next work to force a mutation in myself. This allowed a free association/free-ranging type of research to begin. I first discovered the premise of Revival Field through a Californian, Terrence McKenna. In an article in Whole Earth Review he mentioned the possibility of using plants, especially datura stramonium which is jimson weed, to pull heavy metals from the soil. I became a little bit giddy because this

was such a poetic idea, which I could appreciate after growing up in Texas and seeing land that had been ravaged by industrial pollution. I didn't think it was a reactionary thing or going back to nature, but I saw a whole sculptural project that could happen. The irony, of course, was that it would require the most intensive hands-on relationship—agriculture—to implement it. So there are paradoxes in the world, but that's how it all began.

I think the cycle I saw, based on my experience in Texas, was this: here you have this weed and other vegetation growing,

probably with no people around in the beginning. Then there's a gradual influx of people and a farming or cattle industry is established. The people found this weed helpful in their religious practices,\* but they discovered it was harmful to cattle and tried to eradicate the weed. The petroleum industry comes in, gets rid of the cattle and lays waste to the land. Now we bring the weed back in to clean it up. Well, later I found another irony—jimson weed cannot be used to remediate the soil. In the process of finding this out, I was led to Dr. Rufus Chaney, a senior research scientist at the U.S. Department of Agriculture. He is one of the few people in the world who had focused on the use of hyperaccumulator plants which could clean the earth of heavy metals. My desire to create a sculptural work rekindled Dr. Chaney's hope of making this biotechnology a reality, and we initiated the earnest cooperation that would eventually lead to the first Revival Field. My approach to this piece shows how poetic ideas should never be left out because they are considered impractical. It is also about pursuing those ideas responsibly. And, it involves rethinking my relationship to time so that I could begin a work that may not be realized until after I'm dead. To me it was quite beautiful to start thinking beyond my lifetime: to accept the fact that processes take time and not everything can be immediately gratifying.

\*Datura, a powerful hallucinogenic, was used as part of some Southwestern indigenous religious practices. The cattle arrived later.—ed.

### Vana Lawson

Because I am a Native American I feel that a lot of our history and our own information and knowledge is being left out of any area such as this. We all went out to my community,

the Kashaya Pomo community and we interviewed a lot of our informants. Back then in the seventies we had quite a few older people that were still living. No one wanted to work on this particular information, so it ended up being the three of us, the authors of this book. I took the food part, Claudia took the medicinal, and Jenny took the technological and the taxonomy because she was more into plants than we were at the time. So we learned from her the basic scientific common names and we came up with all these different areas to cover. We also dealt with the myth within our own tribe, how myth came into being part of our plant situation. That is covered in there. We did this in our own language. The plants are named in our own language. We have English names, too. It covers a whole process. Every time I look in it, even into our introduction, I can learn a lot from it. The people that we got it from was my mother who was a spiritual leader within our tribe, my dad who was a dancer, my aunt who was the medicine woman in our tribe. For us, the medicine woman is just someone who knows a lot about medicines; if you need that information or if you have some kind of ailments, she works along with my mother to bring these things about for the people. My dad does not come from the Kashaya Pomo tribe. He is from the northern area of what's now Pt. Arena. He brought to us information about medicine, covered the whole thing, medicine, food and technological. Because he was a man, he told us a lot of the technological plants, like basket materials, because he used to work on baskets when he was young.

Like I said, I didn't know where this was going to take me. I only knew in my mind that I wanted something for myself. I just didn't want to have it sit around and not be available for anyone else, or not be available for me to use in one way or

another. A lot of this is being lost within our tribe today, and how am I going to get people more interested? Now people are searching for ways to survive, ways to deal with nature. I felt it was a brand new beginning for me and I also felt that it was something that I could bring to the coastal Miwok people for the simple reason that people think that these people are gone and they are not. I didn't think when I was growing up that this would be valuable to me, but I feel that it is now.

I thought to myself, now I have a lot of knowledge, what am I going to do with it? So what I did was I went out and started lecturing to private organizations, private groups of people, at schools, to classes, and I began working with little children, and a few adults and then it just started coming in, just kept coming and kept coming. So as I look through this information. I still can find a lot I can share with you in detail. I think that was one of the things I felt glad about, because sometimes I forget a lot of this information and I haven't worked with it for a long time. After I did this, I laid it aside for ten years. I didn't realize how valuable the information was but now that I am working in the nursery, I am working with California native plants, it is coming in handy for me. I realize that all or most of the plants we have in this book, we work with in the nursery. So when people come in and talk with us about the plants, I can give them some of my own information about how to use the plants, that kind of thing, and whatever else you can do with it besides it being a drought-tolerant plant.

### Susan Griffin

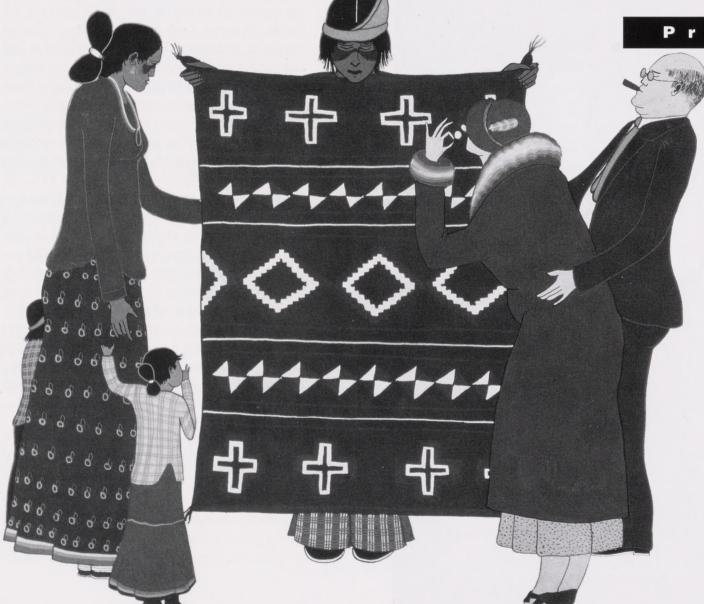
In my earlier work I address the way that the Eurocentric tradition separates nature from culture. The illusion that culture can dominate nature is a central idea of this tradition. One of the consequences of this thinking is that within this tradition,



We Danced, We Sang, Until The Matron Came, Jean LaMarr (Paiute/Pit River). One of 6 posters from Native Voices Go Public created by Native American artists on kiosks on Market St., San Francisco. California, October 1992 through January 1993. Co-curated by American Indian Contemporary Arts and Headlands Center for the Arts.

we become dissociated from our own experience and our own knowledge. We are not separate from nature; we are nature and as nature, we are also impermanent. But within this civilization, we do not accept mortality. We have invented a supernatural or metaphysical notion of immortality to hide from our own transient nature. One of the ways that we manage nature is through technology. Every culture has technologies, but the relationship we have with technology is inflated. In our effort to control nature we delude ourselves that we are above natural process. When someone is dying we hook them up with tubes and machines in what often amounts to a kind of torture, all in an effort to avoid knowing that we are not above nature nor can we always control this earth to which we belong. Many traditional cultures over which we have claimed superiority are far more advanced psychologically, far more able to accept death, aging and the vicissitudes of natural process. On the walls here, I see a playful juxtaposition made between a scientific view of life which pretends to be above other species and to view nature from a distance, "objectively", and the thing itself, life itself, which includes us and in which we are immersed. It is a radical act within this culture to consider the thing itself, to try to free vision from categories and grids, to eschew the attempt to control life with intellect and begin to approach knowledge with more humility.

Projects





Ishi at Grizzly Bear's Hiding Place, 1914.

### WHO OWNS THE PAST?

A film symposium curated by Pat Ferrero with Rayna Green, Edmund Ladd, Jed Riffe & Elizabeth Weatherford October 10, 1992

For indigenous people, objects are tied to ritual and sanctified through use, not as part of a remembered past, but a living presence. This philosophy of history is transforming representation in film and cultural practices. This symposium discussed recent films that addressed these issues and included a screening of Ishi, the documentary by Jed Riff, and short films from Rayna Green's permanent exhibit, American Encounters, at the Smithsonian.

Rayna Green (Cherokee) has a Ph.D. in folklore and is curator of the Indian Program in the Museum of American History, at the Smithsonian. Edmund Ladd (Zuni) is a filmmaker, as well as curator of ethnography at the Institute of Anthropology in the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture in Santa Fe. Jed Riffe is an independent filmmaker; his most recent film, Ishi, re-examines the story of the last Yahi Indian who emerged from his northern California homeland in 1911. Elizabeth Weatherford is on the faculty of the ethnographic film and video program at NYU, a founding member of the feminist art journal Heresies, and head of the film and video center at the National Museum of the American Indian at the Smithsonian.



Ishi: The Last Yahi. A poster for the film by Jed Riffe and Pamela Roberts. Written by Anne Makepeace.

Edmund Ladd: I've said this over and over again. We've got to preserve culture, and how do you preserve culture except by living it? As long as we don't live it, the culture's going to die. And I'll say it again, one of the reason's we've survived Columbus, Coronado, George Bush and Ronald Reagan is because we have been selective and we've formed a cohesive unit, and we've been able to survive all these years. The Yahi did not and were massacred out of existence. Lucky for us I guess, we're isolated, and today, 1992, we're still functioning much like we did in 1492, and much like we did on July 7, 1540. And I look at the film and I think there goes the Zunis except for the fact that we are a single unit. We have survived by forming a unified front against all comers, all the people—the Spanish, the Americans, the frontier movement—all of them, not only Zunis but the Rio Grande Pueblos as well, we've survived Catholicism, Christian reformation, the Church of the Latter Day Saints. The thing that I want to impress upon you most of all is that here is an example of what can happen. But if nobody listens to it, nobody understands it, the culture's gone. I don't care how much you try to record.

Rayna Green: I think that's one of the reasons that working with cultural institutions like museums is so frustrating. Collectors really believe that things can be squeezed to death, and they love the things. I've heard a lot of museum people, a lot of collectors say, "but now Indians can come back and see who they were — they can learn to be who they were because all this stuff is here." So you have to be grateful that all this stuff is here. Well, I'm not so grateful, because things have a time, you know, and I don't think that most of us believe we can squeeze them to death. We can't bring them into a place on film or on audio if it's not lived organically. Interesting to me, though, even Ishi already was trying to figure out how to survive in this new context. I see this and I feel so sad about what happened. But he's already trying to figure out this world, "People wear pants, so in this world, I'm going to wear pants." He really understood those things, and they didn't because they're constantly asking Indians to replicate the past, even when that thing is not organic anymore, is not there. I think that's the trick of dealing with these issues of preservation.

Elizabeth Weatherford: This year has prompted an enormous amount of cultural inquiry on a lot of levels and in the office that I run we hear a lot about works in production, series in productions, it's been fabulous. On one level we do programming assistance — I've assisted 36 international film festivals to make substantial programming, but sometimes, below the surface, it's very discouraging. One of the discouraging things is that the major series that have approached me to talk about their treatments all want to stop at 1890, except for one. Or they want to film for the validation of the historical perspective, they want a native historian standing in front of a ruin. That's a very classic inquiry. The idea of showing Rina Swentzell in her house, in a real house that she really built and really lives in that's a Pueblo house, is so far removed from the imagination.



Polychrome Jar by Lois Gutierrez de la Cruz, 1991.

Rayna: I've often thought that the Cherokee really survived because nobody's interested in us. We appear to have gotten uninteresting, we don't wear outfits, our dances haven't been accessible to anybody forever. When we do our dances, our stomp dances, we wear blue jeans and calico dresses, except for the turtle shells on the women's legs. Men wear a hat with a feather in it, and nobody's interested in that. So that's great, it's helped us survive, because we're not cute to look at, you know, just not interesting. These guys on the other hand, have been besieged by people who think that they're fabulous to look at, for a lot of the right reasons, but there's this thing that makes it impossible to translate. One of my historian friends says that the tragedy of Oklahoma is that it was one set of people in overalls dispossessing another set of people in overalls. And you know we can't get past the overalls to see that other world that's still going on. But then, there's this other story, this thing about tourism, which is a constant need to see a reconstructed world.

Everybody wants the last, the best, the biggest, the first, the greatest, you know. So they want the giant elephant, the giant squid, the giant Zuni [laughter]— the last Zuni — and they don't love you if you're not that. They want the end of the trail, and it's very hard to break that because the audience deeply wants that. If they don't get it, you know, they say, where are the beads and feathers, where's the horse, where's the warrior, where's the dying — and they do it in a modern political context 'cause I know everybody loves those AIM (American Indian Movement) guys, you know with their sun shades and their braids and the red shirts and the red headbands, because they're going to die, any day. They're going to get shot by the FBI, and everybody's going to love it. It's the old "it's a good day to die" crap, and if we don't give you that, we give you people in ordinary clothes, or sitting in a school library. It doesn't work.

Edmund: I think of the Zuni and the Pueblo region and we are, they are, very inwardly oriented. We don't care if other people believe the way we do, but we believe in the way we live because we want to believe in the way. We don't go out and force our ideas on other people, our philosophies are our own. If you want to come and join us, it's perfectly all right. We'll allow it, but we won't do it by force. All our prayers in the morning, in the evening, start with the word: "Here." Here... "Look at this day," and go on from there. And so we're "here" oriented and future oriented, but not back oriented, so when I

ask my grandfather: "You know the white man says that your past is valuable." He says, "How much do they want to give me for it?" And museums are places where dead things are kept, and there are times like Rayna says, there are times for religious ceremony, or whatever, to die, because there's nobody else to take it forward. My grandfather when he died, had a medicine bundle, and he said, "You young people don't know how to handle this. And none of you want to take the responsibility of holding it. Therefore, when I die, you put it under my left arm and you will let it go." And so we did. And so the question of who owns the past is the dead ones of the past, the ancient ones own the past. We own the present, and the future because we can do something about those aspects.

Rayna: Kay Fowler, who is an anthropologist at the University of Nevada and a wonderful person, made a film with some old Paiute people about tules and tule technology. Tules are the rushes and reeds that the Paiute used. Kay went to show it to the community when it got edited and finished. The old lady who was really the feature person in the film, who was "the last" Paiute who could do all that, had died, so the community wanted to show the film at her wake. And Kay was so relieved, she said, "Thank God they showed the film, and everybody loved it and everything. Then they gave me back the print." (It was the only print at that time.) "In the old days they would have buried it with her." It was so true. Maybe that would have been okay too.

**Edmund:** When it's time, it's time. Until that time, we preserve.

Elizabeth: I thought, "Oh they'll just love this old stuff." This is a real museum assumption. "Gee, all the Indians want to come in and talk about their old stuff." That's what you said, that's why it's all been saved there, 'cause they can come in forty-five years later and talk about it to us. But they all came and looked at the stuff and said, "That's interesting." And walked on and said, "Would your museum like to talk to us about acquiring a really good collection of stuff? We make it. And who needs this old junk anyway." That's my version.

Rayna: I've often asked people to vote. I say, you get a choice. You can vote for Indians or you can vote for objects. If you vote for the objects, Indians could die, 'cause they might not have those things anymore. On the other hand, one of the reasons for repatriation is if some things get returned, just some things, and you know there's tons of the stuff. Indians

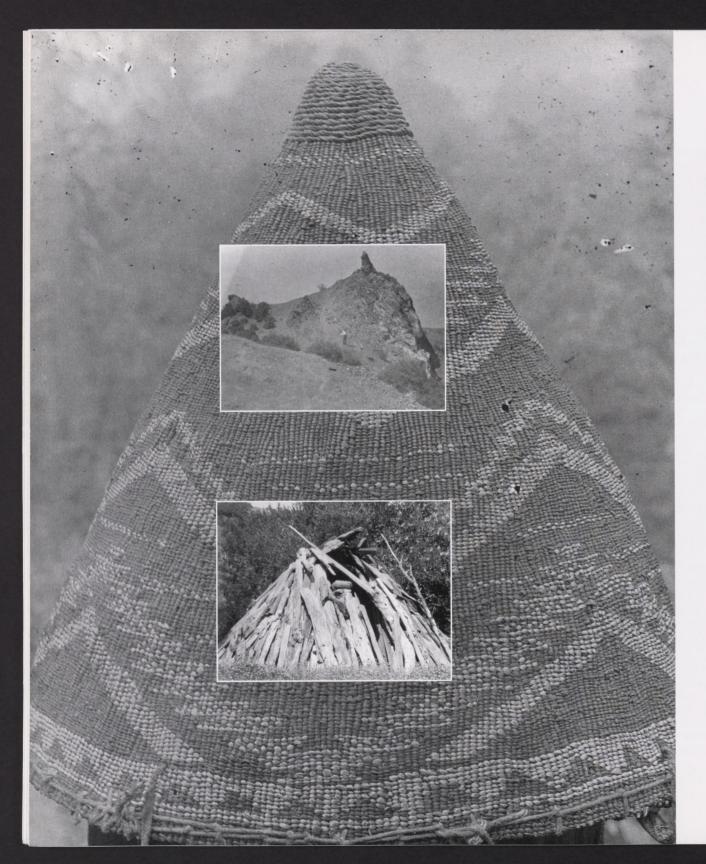
can make new things, and Indians will live, and then there'll be other objects, too. So if you really love this stuff like you say you love this stuff, you'll let it go. It's one of those paradoxes.

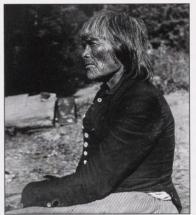
Jed Riffe: The stuff that was taken November 8, in that raid [on Ishi's people, as shown in the film], in the winter. If you take somebody's robe off them, and they're lying there and they can't even move, you're killing them. And they took literally every single object of a living group of people. And that, I think, more than anything else caused the death of the last of them. And then for Ishi to have to go back to verify and authenticate items they acquired on the trip—how he must have felt is beyond me. It was so Indian to not bring up about how we destroyed his.... I mean, it didn't make any difference anymore. And it would have been impolite to say that. I've learned so much from the man and how he handled the stuff. It's been very enlightening.

**Elizabeth:** The real interesting thing to me is that the premise of the time period that you're talking about, and the premise which is the time period when I was a youth, and the premise that litters a lot of our American culture today, is the premise of the last Indian. And when you can make a statement like what Ed's making, it's not premised on that one, is it? It's premised on the future. And that's a big shift.

Jed: The fascination, too, with Ishi is really unusual. You have a state [California] that has one of the largest Indian populations, one of the most diverse populations of North America, representing every single language on this whole continent, and they're right here. They are continuing the same activities they've been continuing for thousands of years—with some limitations based on their economic resource restrictions—not just revitalizing, but carrying them on. And that's one of the things that we gained the most from, when we worked with the Maidu people. It was fun, we enjoyed a lot, we learned a lot, and they are still doing it.

The whole theory of the collecting and of salvage anthropology was that these people were gone. They would have been blown away if they could still see what was happening today and how it's regained, and how there's now, instead of 30,000 native Californians, there's now 150,000. And how they're alive and well—poor—but alive and well.





A Wiyot/Bear River Mattole woman at the turn of the century.

### THE MATTOLE PROJECT

### Jo Babcock & Julian Lang

The Mattole Project was an installation which included sound, music, sculpture, light, photographs, paintings, documents, maps and holes. The installation presented a reflection of the culture of the Mattole people of southern Humboldt County, California, by focusing on a personage of Mattole myth: Abalone Woman. Abalone is one of the most revered of indigenous myth peoples throughout California. Contemporary native peoples remain connected with the mythic past, in part, because abalone continues to be used in ceremonial regalia and for personal adornment.

From the outset we had been operating under the assumption that the Mattole are now an extinct people. *The Mattole Project* is a tribute to the Mattole who are still living. The vision is to continue developing the Project and eventually to install the piece in Humboldt County. Experimental in nature, the Project is also an exploration of the process of collaboration between native and non-native artists and artisans.

The Mattole Project was a collaboration between visual artist Jo Babcock and artist, writer, singer, storyteller, Julian Lang, who is Karuk. The Project was proposed by Headlands Center for the Arts and installed at The Capp Street Experimental Gallery in San Francisco from February 15 to March 18, 1992.



### Fragments

elderly nun's urine

a middle-aged exquisite corpse

shadows and reflections of a goblet

communion/community

writing on the body

tattoos

stories hanging from the body

typographic body of knowledge

womb

vessel

goblet

fertility

cauldron

virgin

crone

horned uterus

wandering womb

fumigation of the womb

body of the book

body of knowledge/tree of knowledge

tree of life

vein/leaf/page/vine

crystal goblet & body of light

Chakras

binding the body

spine of the book/head of the book/ Headlands



Page from Fragments for a Body of Knowledge, Joan Lyons.

# FRAGMENTS FOR A BODY OF KNOWLEDGE

Fragments for a Body of Knowledge brings together Susan King, Joan Lyons, Shelley Hoyt & Sue Ann Robinson. The four artists met for four days at the Center to plan their collaboration, which resulted in an installation, as well as a double-sided accordian-fold publication. One side summarizes daily discussions and includes lists of each artist's favorite books. The other starts with the crystal goblet as an organizing metaphor, linking historical conceptions of female anatomy and good book design, which Beatrice Ward's classic essay (written under a male pseudonym) described as "transparent to its contents."

### Artists in Residence

Through its Artist in Residence Program, the Center annually hosts nearly 30 artists in a wide array of disciplines from around the Bay Area, the United States and abroad to live and work on site for periods of two to eleven months. The program provides unencumbered time for open-ended research in areas of the residents' interests and the development of new work. Collaborations with fellow artists are encouraged as are investigations of the environment and communities around the Center. Headlands pays the residents a stipend and covers their travel to and from San Francisco. Fort Barry's former U.S. Army barracks and officers' quarters have been renovated to provide studio and living spaces. The following pages contain documentation of work by most of the artists who were in residence during 1992.

### **Washashe Airlines**

Once I died in a plane crash and when I got up, no one could see me. It was a free flight (Dad worked for the company) but I tried asking for my money back anyway. It didn't work, they couldn't hear me either. I decided to catch the reservation taxi and spend my French leather gloves on a ride out to the bar on Eagle Creek. The Indian bartender was off that night and I had no money for a drink. The only other Indian there was Leroy Stand Tall; he could see the shape I was in so he bought me a beer but he drank half of it before he slid it down the bar. I sat down in the corner to write an autobiography of my early years:

I was poor as dirt and my mother was in love with a hitchhiker. I'm blind in one eye where my sister hit me with a park swingshe didn't mean to, her little legs pumping as she ran away from the neighborhood goat. My legs are crooked from a deficiency of early nourishmentmy parents fed me from a book. My skull is flat in places, we weren't allowed cradleboards then so I fell down between the bed and the wall. I'm long because my father just caught me by the heels. I'm named after a paratrooper. He was killed at the Battle of the Bulge, which is why I'm so skinny. I'm deaf in one ear and always turn to the left. My lungs are immense from carrying dead Indians around. My ribs ache from laughing at my reflection in the mirror

(I don't give back much reflection, my girl says I suck blood). My eyeballs got turned around in the birth canal and stare inward into a space defined by superstitions of a summer night, by dark birds against stars. I don't know why I'm so alone, I don't think I was born that way. I have two sonsboth almost as old as I am. All my first three wives left me on the same night. Being Eagle clan, I dream of fancydancing-I've got the legs for it from chasing girls across the prairie but my memory of the old songs is drowned out by a century of gunshots and car horns. I love to travel: Pawhuske, Tulsa, Flagstaff, Paris, Venice; but I always come home. Hon-monin, old Walks-in-the-Night, follows me everywhere I go; he has even less of a chance than I do. Some day my dad and I will build an airplane so light that it'll float. We'll take my mother and sister, all my wives, kids, relatives, and all the People and we'll fly back up to the stars where we used to live. All those holes up there in the skythat's where we're meant to be.

### Duane Big Eagle (Osage), artist in residence, Petaluma, California.

(Note: "Osage" is an English word; in our language it's pronounced "wa-sha-shay", Washashe. Also, in one part of the origin story of our tribe, the people flew down out of the sky and landed in red oak trees.)

## Tree on the Side of the Road (Headlands)

You are cool and ancient as time bountiful cloak black shadow of tree.

Long ago you began to give back your life leaf by inexplicably dropped leaf

and now
lean back
with
coal black dirt at your roots
deep imprints
human footprints
of
those
who stopped
to inhale your beauty

You are the only shady spot in town and I lean into the coolness of your grace caress your rough bark coarse like human hair.

Maketa Groves, artist in residence, San Francisco, California.

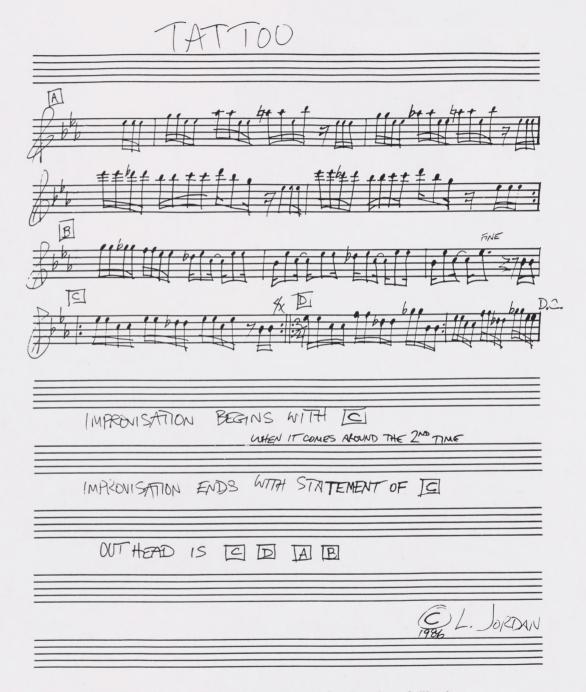




Performance at Open House, Chris Dahlgren.

My time at the Headlands was filled with the unexpected—beginning with a ferocious wind that almost flattened me and the gear-loaded motorcycle I was riding up the entrance road. For the first time, I went somewhere without what I thought were unreasonable expectations. The initial impression was "here, in this beautiful place with so much time and nice people around me, I'm sure to achieve what I hope to and more...." But, just as the power of the ocean is rapidly eroding the Headlands, so my expectations met with the open structure and began to disintegrate. I had time and a golden opportunity to doubt myself openly and freely. Many days filled with hours of improvising on the gym ceiling ensued—bass, voice, whatever.... Some pieces got written. But, happily, most didn't.

Chris Dahlgren, artist in residence, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Sheet music for Tatoo. Lewis Jordan, artist in residence, San Francisco, California.





Rivers of Meaning, one of three vestments created during Cristina's residency. Cristina Emmanuel, artist in residence, San Francisco, California.

### **Exploring True Collaboration\***

Reflections on our residency at Headlands — "a time of yeasting".

I Is true collaboration possible without loss of self?

II Is true collaboration a learned skill?

III Does true collaboration at its best produce a sense of uneasiness leaving one staring into the face of mystery?

IV Is disease the most the most valuable "form" created by true collaboration?

V Is decomposition anything more than re-composition?

VI Does the energy come from solutions or creation of problems?

VII Can an authentic aesthetic be created from true collaboration?

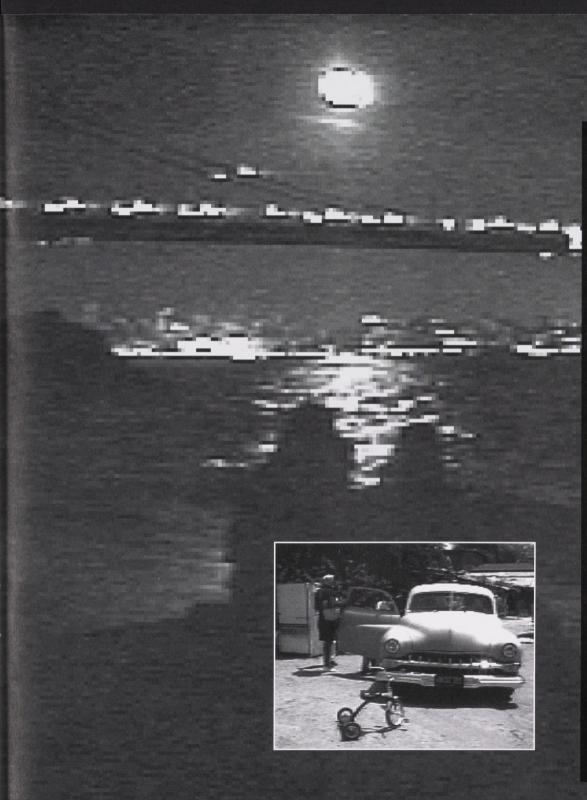
VIII What makes self expression seem more important than collaboration?

IX Will we ever be able to make a large, clay, once-only pinhole camera?

X How can the marks of collaboration which we now carry be visualized?

\*True collaboration is a process in which the work of two artists cannot be easily subdivided but by its very nature becomes a third entity.

Pinky (M.M.) Bass, artist in residence, Fairhope, Alabama & Clara Couch, artist in residence. Burnsville, North Carolina.



During my residency at the Headlands, I explored my family's tradition of celebrating the full moon with friends and a community of artists. Kirby Cove is a small secluded beach and campground in the Headlands at the base of the Golden Gate Bridge. Sacred to the Miwok, Kirby Cove was the meeting place where we reflected on our lives. *Lunada*, a video, connects these recent experiences with memories from childhood and depicts our relationship with the moon.

Lunada

Have you carefully watched the moon, the enchanting moon?
El echizo de la luna?

I have seen people gaze into the light of the moon, eclipsed,

movements on the water,

turbulent,

snakes.

the sea by the Golden Gate Bridge and Eugenia whispering her soul to me,

wondering,

whispering

the deepest human prayer, asking for guidance from the spirit world, wanting to know which is my path? Y la Cynthia being ruled by the moon, dancing on a naked tree.

When the intangible is present and vanishes, disappears before it gives a concrete answer,

...interrupted by the flashlights of the park rangers and their walkie talkies, who destroy the collective echizo (enchantment), bringing their negativity concealed behind the mask of law and order.

Some are not able to recognize that true law and order is harmony in the realm of the full moon.

What does it all mean?

Did the supposed encounter occur 500 years ago, or is it an everyday event? When you protect your right to sleep, you're denying my right to celebrate. Repeating the mistakes of ignorance...or perhaps we are in a stalemate, a situation where neither moves...who should assimilate to whom?... Maybe some ancient rites that are universal can bring us together.

La luna.

The moon.

Gustavo Vasquez, artist in residence, San Francisco, California.



### Levitation

—a sixteen foot beam balanced eight feet out a third story window.

—an agricultural water trough mounted on the inside end of the beam, holding 22 gallons of water, which is leaking.

—on the outside a small functional seat and handlebars support a 180 pound man who is intently attempting to hold his balance against the weight of the leaking water.

—six tape recorders with loop tapes repeating over and over again

levitate.....levitate....levitate....levitate.

I believe a sense of balance is an essential skill.

When we talk about balance it can allude to the artist's life and his/her attempts to balance basic needs with creative aspiration.

We can talk about the mental balance that would drive an individual to sit on a beam outside a third-floor window.

We can discuss the compositional balance of the individual framed by the window placed against the natural hillside.

We can talk about the balance between the elemental forces of life both within and outside the body, the role of water in the landscape is not unlike the role of water in the body and of no less import.

We can talk about the natural world supporting our societal lifestyle and economic well-being, indeed it may seem one's fate is connected to the other, hanging in balance so to speak.

We can talk about the difference between what may seem a carefully controlled set of possibilities within this room, and the balance of myriad possibilities without.

Next time you come, bring a gallon of your water, and put it in the trough,

I am still . . . . . reaching for the sky.

Tim Collins, artist in residence, San Francisco, California.





Ailu Gaup and his family, artists' residence, Building 934.

I composed 8 yoiks and 4 poems and I practiced the sax and voice daily. I went to the Indian Treaty Council Sundance Ceremony. In Minnesota I made a presentation on yoiking at Washington University and Lutheran Pacific University and at a third university. I performed in Berkeley twice. I worked with Chris Dahlgren and made one composition on tape. I learned city driving. I went to the Monterey Aquarium, went running through the hills and swimming. I shared my heritage with Cynthia Bilto.

Physically I felt way away from my country, but my feeling for it got much stronger. Sometimes you have to be away to appreciate something. I appreciate very much the opportunity to bring my family and the room was very good. I feel lucky with the facility: ordinarily I live in a lot of hotels. The houses have good spirits. I talked to them and told them how long I would stay there. I asked each one and felt I got a response back.

Ailu Gaup, artist in residence, Guovdageaidnu, Norway.

I got to listen to my own rhythms for a change. I could write until 2 am, because I didn't have to get up and work. I could start and stop when I wanted to. The silence was very valuable. Writing requires the ability to hear. I will try to go away from home every summer from now on. This residency was the first time I have had time away by myself in twenty-five years.

Linda B. Brown, artist in residence, Greensboro, North Carolina.

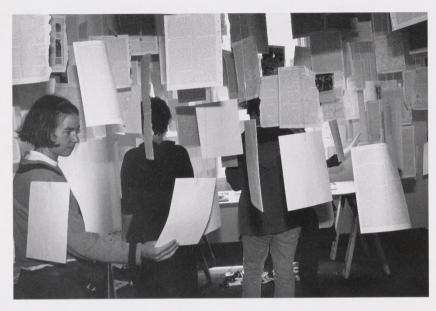
With a residency at Headlands, you're given a situation in which you're allowed to change, similar to an Australian Aborigine walkabout. A walkabout is a three-month rite of passage where an Aborigine who's entering puberty is kidnapped by his older clan members and taken to a sort of camp—in English the word translates to "business camp." He's presented with a series of tests and challenges, and in the final month is sent out with minimal provisions to live in the desert. When the young Aborigine is finally returned home, it's expected that he will be an entirely different person and is treated accordingly, even by his parents.

At the Center, it's culturally acceptable to change radically. In our society at large, if someone suddenly starts doing something completely out of character, the person's sanity is questioned. In North Carolina, I'm known as a writer and photographer; I couldn't have envisioned that at Headlands I'd be making huge drawings with sand on a cement bunker and collaborating with a Swedish installation and performance artist.

Roger Manley, artist in residence, Durham, North Carolina.



Studio installation of *Three Honoring Circles*. Sara Bates (Cherokee), artist in residence, San Francisco, California.



The Library, a mixed media installation in Bill's writing studio. William Reichard, artist in residence, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Before I came here I was deciding how I choose to do art. I saw many artists pushing themselves in their career. Many artists lie sometimes. Sometimes I lie too. I didn't work for five months before I came. I was looking for a new concept for my work and life. Sometimes I think I've never done any work that was my own. I've just worked in the way I was trained. One day I looked back and saw my work and then I came to the US. I can focus on many things that are an illusion to me now. I want to release much of my art school information, decide what I should keep, what I should let go.

I could rest my brain here, and I think that's very important for artists. Everything is too fast, too superficial. We talk a lot about losing humanity, but it's talk. You step back and see yourself: we're actually very small on the earth, like ants, but sometimes ants move mountains. Social issues are important to deal with, but so is having the freedom to think about flowers and heat and butterflies.

Chatchai Puipia, artist in residence, Bangkok, Thailand.

### Tuna

I've understood two things: the elliptical form of the wave, its re-currence, and the nature of the dream; it's the same sea

but sharper

with whitecaps close to shore;

we've left the banquet room, done with serving, and are hungrily sitting at a grey white and worn

wooden table

close to shore; the grey green bodies of tuna are

massing at the shore—as one we rise: gripping slender light

spears we rush into the sea; the razor gilled tuna struggle to break

the confines of the shore with exaggerated movements, we pierce the slippery skin

as

their great beak-like mouths

open

clasping here an arm, a leg—again we raise our plasticine spears

under this ashtray light of dreams; one tuna, thrice speared

floats out to sea

Thomas Avena, artist in residence, San Francisco, California.

War and Peace and The Nail That Sticks Out Gets Hammered In, both installations in the attic, Building 945.

We are attracted by the promise of a bucolic landscape. Closer scrutiny, however, reveals a land ravaged rather than preserved.

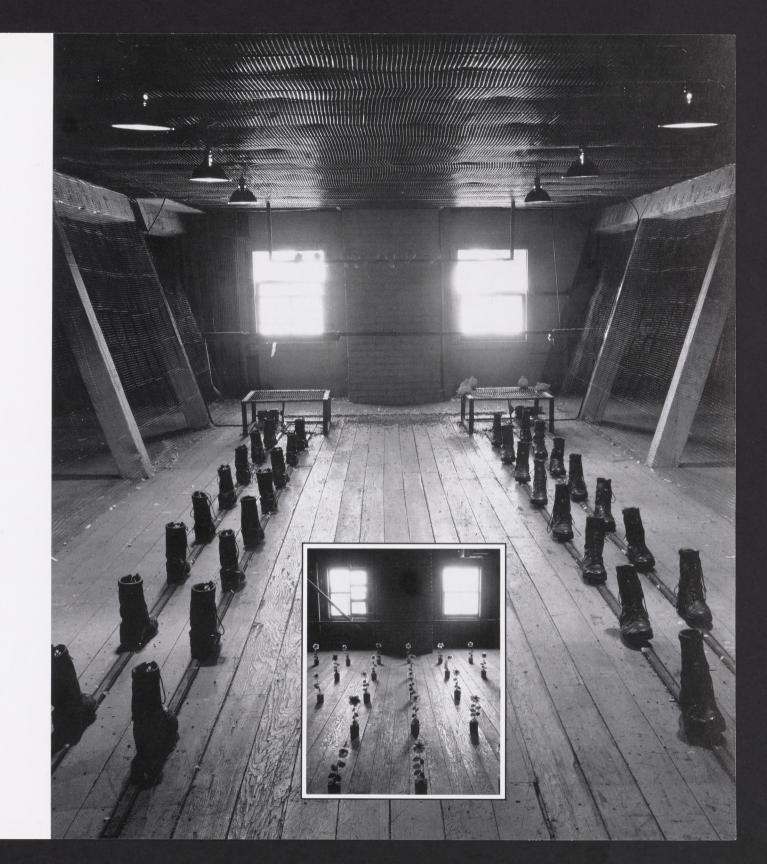
The land provides a record of human values and actions imposed on it over time. Damaged land, therefore, becomes the equivalent of a damaged psyche. Violence to the landscape reflects a part of the human spirit which has been violated.

The Nail That Sticks Out Gets Hammered In is an attempt to give voice to that part of the psyche in the form of a dialogue between a drill sergeant and a veteran. The attic at the Center is filled with a field of battery operated dancing flowers that move in response to sound waves. On both ends of the room speakers announce an argument between two men. The sergeant's voice is one of authority, dominance. His job is to break down the will of the recruit. The voice of the paranoid, frustrated vet struggles to assert himself and maintain his identity. In between, lay a field of squirming flowers responding to the cacophony in the room.

War and Peace takes place in the opposite end of the attic. In contrast to the cacophony of *The Nail That Sticks Out Gets Hammered In, War and Peace* has only two major elements: live white doves and motorized black marching army boots. This piece is a simple meditation on war and its social implications. The boots, which move back and forth on tracks, stand in for infantrymen and represent technology and dehumanization through forced conformity. The doves are nature to this culture. They stand as witnesses to the scene before them and fly freely in contrast to the regimentation of the monotonous shuffling boots.

Reflecting upon our time at the Headlands, we realize the subtle violence echoed in the landscape calls to question: do we manage parklands to protect them for or from ourselves?

Robin Lasser and Ray Beldner, artists in residence, Oakland, California.



You know what else comes to mind when I think of dancing polkas y rancheras? Lying on the earth with as little on as possible and letting the sun beat down on me, calentando todo mi cuerpo, and not for the tan, but for the feeling of being one with the universe. The sun has to go through *me* to get to the earth!

That's how tejano cunjunto music makes me feel, connected firmly to the earth in a caress that lasts forever, and like I want to think the best of everyone, and how en el Valle o en San Anto, or any of the Tejano enclaves that I discover with alegría—in places like Madison, Wisconsin—I feel so understood! That's how a polka o ranchera makes me feel, even more intensely when I dance with someone who knows how.

I mean, it's hard to feel your oneness with the cosmos when someone's stepping on your feet, colliding with everyone on the dance floor, and you're the one taking the blows. ¡No'mbre, olvídalo! There's no joy in pain!

The other hassle es cuando bailo con alguien que me aprieta demas, pressing every inch of his whole slimy body close to mine, breathing heavily and expectantly in my ear. Pués, lo dejo plantado on the dance floor and I kick my friends under the table, if he asks one of them to dance, if we're at a club and he's a stranger. If we know him, if he's a camarada que anda todo pisto o tronado, Pobre! Le decimos que se apacigue and to get his shit together. ¡Qué ilusiones traen algunos!

Then there's the one who wants to talk politics in the middle of the dance floor. ¿Que what do I think of this issue? and have I heard about fulano's new position? and what is the connection of indigenous and Chicano struggles? I feel like one big suspiro as I strain to hear the music at the same time that I wish for the song to end. ¡Y qué aguite si es una de mis canciones favoritas!

I know, I know, me estoy revelando, but I want to. Any dance partners of mine who get upset, ándenle, aviéntense con su critica de mi. I'm just saying lo que me gusta, lo que me cae, lo que me emociona y satisface, y lo que no. Es todo.

Like if my partner's steps are too routine, you know, wooden, pues, I get bored. After all, I am letting him lead me. I've placed myself in his arms to enjoy the dance. He has a tremendous responsibility!

Ah, but if he holds me just right, not so close that I can't breathe, but close enough so that our bodies work togther to perform the movimiento. If I can feel the music inspires him and sense how he enjoys dancing for the joy of dancing, and knows that about me, too, knows that I have no ulterior motives but the sheer delight of a classic polka, or the ranchera whose lyrics he knows and might sing softly to himself. as I sing softly to myself, without our saying anything to each other. If in his turning of me under his arms he doesn't miss a beat and he manages to find a spot in the middle of the floor to do some extra turns, or in front of the stage, donde podemos saludar a los músicos dando unas vueltas bonitas. If his phrasing in the steps follows precisely and smoothly the phrasing of the music, and his emphasis coincides with the conjunto's rhythm as we move gracefully about the floor with the circle of gente-Well, what can say?

Then I am in ecstacy.

Excerpt from If You want to Impress Me Play Me a Polka and Dance with Me Smoothly! for all the Tejanas out there

Ines Hernandez (Chicana-Tejana and Nimipu), artist in residence, El Cerrito, California. Headlands Center for the Arts is a laboratory for creativity providing artists and scholars of all disciplines a place to experiment, collaborate and develop work in a diverse community of thinkers. Headlands offers over 25 residencies each year, providing artists and scholars with time for open ended research and the development of new work. The Center presents readings, talks, and performances every year that are chronicled in its annually published *Headlands Journal*. The Center's mission is to investigate the interdependence between human and natural systems across cultures and professional disciplines.

The Center is located in the Marin Headlands on a 13,000 acre section of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. These coastal hills have been used for military installations since the early 1800s and contain the remains of gun emplacements and three historic forts that cover a full array of military activity from the Civil War era to the nuclear age with its Nike missile sites. The U.S. Army withdrew from the headlands in 1972 and turned the land and several hundred structures over to the National Park Service who, in turn, invited a number of nonprofit organizations to assist them in restoring architecturally significant buildings and in developing interpretive programs for the general public. Headlands Center for the Arts was formed as an independent nonprofit organization in 1982 and since then has operated in Forts Barry and Cronkhite.

While the Center is funded by a variety of sources, none is more vital than the support of individual members. It is through the commitment of our many members who understand the critical role the arts play in our society, that our programs survive. We hope that you will consider becoming a member of the Headlands community. A gift of any size is welcome and supports the artists who live and work here, the speakers at our lecture series, the artists who perform or read their works here, our public school literacy project and our Open Houses. The Center also receives support from The Marin Community Foundation, The National Endowment for the Arts, The California Arts Council, The James Ivrine Foundation, The Hewlett Foundation, The GAP Foundation, The Flintridge Foundation, The Bernard Osher Foundation, Esprit and The Leon Strauss Foundation, among others, and our Board of Directors.

Yes I want to join the Headlands community and make a difference!	My check payable to Headlands is enclosed.
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Page 33: Revival Field, 1990. Mel Chin.

Page 35: We Danced, We Sang, Until The Matron Came, from Native Voices Go Public, 1992, Jean LaMarr.

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Page 37: Ishi. Courtesy Phoebe Hearst Museum of Anthropology UC Berkeley.

Page 38: Polychrome jar by Lois Gutierrez de la Cruz, 1991. Eric Long, Smithsonian Institution.

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Page 55: The Nail That Sticks Out Gets Hammered In, and War and Peace, Robin Lasser and Ray Beldner. John Wilson White.

Page 57: Seeds found on a walk through Oakwood Valley: Oak, Eucalyptus, Cypress. Mark Klett.

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